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CONTENTS.

The Discovery of Electrotype	197
One More Word on M. du Chalhu	197
Thermæ	197
ENGLISH and FOREIGN LITERATURE:—	
The Principal Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort	198
Lady Morgan's Memoirs	200
Von Schubert on the Symbolism of the Dream	202
Marsh on the Origin of the English Language	203
War Scenes, and other Verses	205
Howden's Horse Warranty	205
Baliston's Five Months on the Yang-Tze	205
Gordon's China from a Medical Point of View	205
Through Algeria	205
Flindersland and Sturtland	205
Lost among the Afghans	205
Mitchell's Ten Years in the United States	205
Brand and Taylor's Chemistry	208
The Two Catherines; or, Which is the Heroine?	209
Devey's Life of Joseph Locke	210
Educational Books	211
Christmas and Children's Books	211
Versicles from the Portfolio of a Sexagenarian	212
Gall's Nature's Normal School	212
Selma's Poems	212
Dante's Divine Comedy: The Inferno, Translated by W. Wilkie	212
Stanley's Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church	212
Foote's New Law of Highways	212
Kirke's Life in Dixie's Land	213
Riddles and Jokes	213
Robertson's Analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"	213
Birks on Matter an Ether	213
Burns's Outlines of Modern Farming	213
Cox's Sixth Edition of the New Law and Practice of Joint-stock Companies	213
Reprints and New Editions Received	213
Works published in Parts Received	213
December Numbers of Monthly Publications Received	213
January Numbers of Monthly Publications Received	213
Miscellaneous Books, &c. Received	213
Memorials of the Month	213
BOOK NEWS	216
Trade News	218
Books Recently Published	219
ADVERTISEMENTS	198-199, 220-226

THE CRITIC.

THE DISCOVERY OF ELECTROTYPE.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO a great discovery was announced to the world. It was not so much thought of at the time when it was announced as it is at present—when it is the motive power of an enormous and wealth-producing branch of industry; but it was plainly a great scientific fact. In 1837, Mr. THOMAS SPENCER, working chemist of Liverpool, was led by the progress of natural induction of his inquiries to the discovery of the fact that, by means of the electric fluid, copper, silver, and gold, in a state of purity, might be precipitated upon moulds (having what is called the conducting power), so as to produce accurate copies of the originals from which the moulds were taken. This discovery was called Electro-metallurgy: it is now known as the Electrotype. By the processes founded on this discovery an enormous manufacture of the precious metals and copper now takes place. In addition to this, science and art are served by it in various ways. It would be impossible to draw up a list of the great scientific discoveries of the century without including it. Had its discoverer, foreseeing its future, taken advantage of the Patent Laws to secure his invention to himself, he might have realised boundless wealth. He did not do so—and what was his reward?

Mr. SPENCER's discovery took place in 1837. In a letter to a contemporary, in which he ventilates the question (for question it has become), he says: "My electrotype experiments were continued throughout the greater part of 1838, until the formation of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society was contemplated." That year he took advantage of the opening meetings of that society to make his discovery public. His fate was, at first, the common one of all discoverers. His experiments were little understood; his friends "deemed them Utopian;" however, they were promulgated to the world, and duly published in the month of February, 1839. Specimens of articles manufactured by this process were exhibited at the time, and one of them, "a German silver teaspoon, thickly-coated with silver in 1838, is now in the Museum of Mr. MAYER, of Liverpool. This date with my initial (adds Mr. SPENCER) was engraved on it at the time by Mr. MAYER's direction. This, no doubt, is the first electro-plated spoon in existence."

Now in May, 1839 (three months after the publication of Mr. SPENCER's experiments), a scientific paper of the day, translated from a Russian journal a paragraph announcing a similar result, obtained by Professor JACOBI, Professor of Chemistry at St. Petersburg, and a Polish Jew. No mention was made of Mr. SPENCER's discovery; indeed, there is no proof that Professor JACOBI knew of it. This, however, makes no difference in the real point at issue: Who was the original discoverer of Electrotype? Many scientific dictionaries and manuals, both foreign and English, on referring to the subject, are content to divide the honour between Mr. SPENCER and Professor JACOBI, and to leave the matter without discussion. Even in the latest edition of Dr. URE's "Dictionary of Mines," the editor, Dr. HUNT, gives countenance to this injustice, and ignores the right of his fellow-countryman to be considered the sole discoverer of Electrotype. The question is, unfortunately, purely one of honour; but honour is at least as dear to men of science as to any other class of men, and it is to be feared they too often have to accept it as their only guerdon. If there be any doubt of Mr. SPENCER's claim, now is the time for settling it, or never. The proofs are all attainable; the *pièces justificatives* are at hand; the witnesses are, for the most part, alive. The matter can be decided once and for all. Let it be so, and let justice be done.

THERMÆ.

OUR CONTEMPORARY THE "BUILDER" has lately been instructing its readers with a very interesting article on the Thermæ of ancient Rome. Its writer is evidently well acquainted with the appearance of these remarkable buildings; but whether he really knows anything of their use is what we are about to question. His opening words are: "No monuments of Imperial Rome have been, till modern times . . . more absolutely forgotten than the Thermæ." If the writer had added, "more absolutely misunderstood," he would have risen to the level of the truth.

How few of those who have examined the baths of NERO and of AGRIPPA, of TRAJAN and of CARACALLA, really understand what is meant by the word Thermæ. Not many months ago, a statement appeared and was copied about the journals that a discovery had been made in the Thermæ of CARACALLA of several "baths" of white alabaster, as if vessels or troughs were *baths* in the Roman sense of the word. The Roman did not fill a vessel with water, besoul, dabble in it, and called it a bath. The process of the Thermæ was a very different one from that.

Why we question whether the writer of the article in the *Builder* really apprehends what is meant by the word *Thermæ*, is, because, from the beginning to the end of his observations, there is no word which in any way indicates that he understands the use of the institution itself. We hear of series of chambers and of vaulted chambers serving for reservoirs, but nothing of the use of those vaulted chambers, which were, in fact, furnaces used for heating the Thermæ, and from which, indeed, the Thermæ derived their name. Those who

have studied professionally those marvellous remains, seem to have consistently ignored the fact that in Constantinople the Roman bath is still a living language. As CONSTANTINE left the bath, so the Turk found it, and, being wise in his generation (though a barbarian) has sensibly and consistently held to it ever since. It is in the baths of Constantinople that the architectural student may read in unmistakable language the true explanation of those magnificent structures which were the glory of the Mistress of the World and the chief source of income to her Emperors.

Very recently there has been erected in the heart of the metropolis a building which, upon a comparatively small scale, reproduces to the life the function of the great Thermæ of Rome. At the Jermyn-street Hammam the working of that great institution which Rome carried about the world with her, and of which she left a trace wherever she went, may be seen. The public appreciates it; it is attended by crowds of those who seek for cleanliness and health; the public instructors in art only ignore it. With the honourable exception of the *Building News*, no journal devoted to the interests of art has deemed worthy of more than a brief paragraph a fact which restores to the metropolis of England an institution and a style of architecture which have been absent from it for many centuries. The ruins of Uriconium serve to show that many hundred years ago the Romans planted the Thermæ upon our soil. With Uriconium they disappeared; to reappear again after the lapse of ages in the middle of London. This surely is an event not to be passed over either with indifference or scorn.

We have referred to this matter before. The Haimann in Jermyn-street has now had a fair trial, and it has succeeded. We may now say without fear of contradiction that the Thermæ are re-established in England. Regarded as a necessity or as a luxury, as a curative agency, a means of cleanliness, or an indulgence, it seems equally popular.

ONE MORE WORD ON M. DU CHAILLU.

IT WAS OUR INTENTION to have left this vexed question where it was when M. DU CHAILLU, naturally sick and wearied of the shifting tactics of his adversaries, made a fair offer to bring the matter to the crucial experiment of a bet. Malice seemed to have exhausted her last arrow, and to have no one to look to for the replenishing of her quiver. Dr. J. E. GREY, of the British Museum, foiled in his attempt to avenge the impudence of the little African hunter, for daring to invade his scientific territory, had apparently devoted his capricious ingenuity to the eccentric task of proving himself to be the real inventor of the penny postage. Even the *Athenaeum* (M. DU CHAILLU's most constant, if not most ingenious foe) had simply contented itself with ignoring his arguments, and treating his bet with contempt; when lo! like a voice from the grave, comes a letter from Captain BURTON, recently returned from Africa, to bear testimony to the worth of M. DU CHAILLU. This is a temptation too strong to be resisted. Captain BURTON's letter is certainly not like a voice from the grave in one sense; for it is written, as all his literary compositions are, in a remarkably easy, cheerful, and familiar tone. It should be serious enough, however, to furnish matter for reflection to M. DU CHAILLU's maligners. Here it is, textually:

SIR.—Arriving—nolens, non volens—in this unpleasant land by the last West African mail, I was astonished to find in your columns my name cited by a private correspondent, and passages from one of my private letters quoted to the detriment of M. Paul du Chaillu. As this is hardly fair in the writer, perhaps you will allow me room for a few lines of explanation.

M. du Chaillu and I differ upon many points. He may be right, or vice versa; but that is still a question. Unwilling, however, to trouble your readers with a discussion touching particulars, I will briefly state that, after a residence of about three weeks in the Gaboon country, during which I walked to Cape Lopez and explored the south-eastern fork of the river beyond any former traveller, my opinion of M. du Chaillu's book is higher than it was before visiting the land of the gorilla.

The Mpone natives give "Mpolo"—i.e., the "big man," their corruption of M. Paul's name—the highest character as a chasseur. No one, save the jealous European, doubts his having shot the great anthropoid (mind, I modestly disbelieve in the danger), and surely it is something for this French sportsman to have succeeded when three Englishmen—Mr. LEVISON, Mr. WINWOOD READE, and myself have failed.

And with thanks for your kindness, and with a solemn promise, under any and all circumstances, to be deaf and dumb upon the "gorilla controversy" until I do bag a gorilla or two, I subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHD. F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

14, Montagu-place, Montagu-square, Dec. 22.

Now Capt. BURTON is a gentleman whose courage and spirit of enterprise no one has yet called in question, and if the critics have had any word to say against his veracity, it must have been with bated breath. We never heard yet that anybody, having no proof at hand, presumed to tell him that he was romancing when he related how he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina in the guise of a Moslem. His courage is, we believe, proof. He has just that spirit of adventurous ubiquity which inspires your genuine traveller. To-day in India; to-morrow in the Desert; next week at the Tomb of the Prophet; the week after next in the Mormon City, on the Great Salt Lake; latest of all, in the Gorilla Country. What says the hero of all these travels? In substance this: "Friends, be quiet. I have visited this Gaboon—the country of the gorilla—and I find that M. DU CHAILLU is in great repute there, as a brave hunter and an honest man. I know also that he has done what I and Mr. WINWOOD READE, Major LEVISON, and others have tried to in vain. Let us at least be modest until we have excelled him."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

The Principal Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. With an Introduction giving some Outlines of his Character. London: John Murray. pp. 268.

THIS VOLUME BEFORE US is as plainly a genuine addition to the royal literature of the world as if the name and titles of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen were displayed upon its title-page. By whomsoever the pen may have been held which transcribed the speeches and drew these "outlines of his character," this tribute to, and defence of the memory of the dead husband most clearly and unmistakably emanates from the august and sorrowing widow herself; there are, moreover, passages in these pages which SHE, and none but SHE, could have written or dictated. Its right to be classified according to the title of this article is at least as real as that of the "Commentaries on Caesar," and far less unimpeachable than that of "*Εἰκὼν βασιλιάτης*."

Two editions of the Prince's Speeches have been already published by the Society of Arts before his death, and other issues of them have taken place since that deplorable event. This volume, besides containing authentic copies of these speeches corrected from the Prince's own private memoranda, gives several speeches which have not been comprised within any of these collections, and, moreover, some extracts from a memorandum written by the Prince in reference to the office of Commander-in-Chief. We cannot but think that to make public these extracts has been the main object of the publication of the book.

We do not propose to enter now into any of the many important questions suggested by the speeches of the Prince Consort. Often and often have the pregnancy of their wisdom, the terseness of their eloquence and the evidence which they afford of deep and careful thought, made these remarkable compositions the subjects of very general discussion. The shy and reserved character of the Prince, which was natural to his disposition and which the delicacy of his position tended greatly to intensify, had kept the public out of the least suspicion of his real worth and value until the moment when he first appeared in the character of a public speaker. After that moment (when the determined nature of his opposition to the schemes of those politicians who were reducing to naught the power of the Crown was recognised), it became a matter of necessity with them to keep the public in a still deeper ignorance of the character of the Prince, and therefore, in addition to the petty scandals (reflecting upon his politeness and his generosity) with which the character of this good man had been constantly assailed, came the falsehood that these speeches were not his own composition, but had been written for him, —a falsehood which, like all dangerous inventions of its class, was coloured with probability by the character and circumstances of the Prince himself. Thus it was that he lost much of that credit with the people which these eminently sagacious and practical utterances of thought would otherwise have won for him. The publication of these private memoranda of the speeches under the direct sanction of the Queen, is the first authoritative and unanswerable refutation which that falsehood has met with since it was originally uttered.

Still less is it our intention to bring the test of criticism to bear upon the "outlines of his character" which serve for an introduction to the work. We regard it as we would the wreath of flowers laid for Affection's tribute on the tomb of the dead. Who shall dare to question whether every part be exactly fitted to the standard rules of taste? Who shall deny the right, nay the duty, of the sorrowing survivors to see nothing but beauty in him that is no more, and even to discern a charm in that which others might deem a fault? If these "Outlines" be scanned with the eye of the heart as well as of the understanding, they will be found to bear undeniable proofs of the fact that the virtues of this accomplished Prince have endeared him beyond the faculty of expression to those whom he has left to lament his loss. What greater tribute to a man's private worth could any one of us desire?

But it is to the extracts from the "memorandum written by the Prince in reference to the office of Commander-in-Chief" that we turn to discover the main end and intention of this book. We take this to be in every way a remarkable revelation. The impulse which drove the Queen to make public these memoranda of her husband as to an event which took place twelve years ago, and which has apparently no present importance, must be a very powerful one. The very first passage of the Introduction announces that this work "is published at the express desire and under the sanction of her Majesty;" but to the memorandum itself is prefixed a very remarkable and affecting statement—the statement to which we alluded when we said that this book contains words which could only have been written by or under the dictation of her Majesty. It is as follows:

In allowing this Memorandum of the Prince to be published, the Queen is also actuated by another motive in addition to those which have already been mentioned. It affords her Majesty a fitting opportunity for expressing, in the most clear and ample manner, that which for many years she has desired to express. During the Prince's life, the Queen often longed to make known to the world the ever-present, watchful, faithful, invaluable aid which she received from the Prince Consort in the conduct of the public business. Her Majesty

could hardly endure even then to be silent on this subject, and not to declare how much her reign owed to him. And now the Queen can no longer refrain from uttering what she has so long felt, and from proclaiming the irreparable loss to the public service, as well as to herself and to her family, which the Prince's death has occasioned.

The position of her Majesty, for many years accustomed to this loving aid, and now suddenly bereft of it, can with difficulty be imagined to the full extent of its heaviness and its sadness. Desolate and sombre, as the Queen most deeply feels, lies the way before her;—a path, however, of duty and of labour, which, relying on the loyal attachment and sympathy of her people, she will, with God's blessing, strive to pursue; but where she fears her faltering steps will often show lack the tender and affectionate support which, on all occasions, her Majesty was wont to receive from her beloved husband, the Prince.

Here we are told that the Queen herself deems this "a fitting opportunity for expressing" something; that "during the Prince's life" she "often longed" to do something; that "she could hardly endure" something; and that she now "most deeply feels" something. Who but the Queen could give her subjects assurance of this?

The memorandum relates, as has already been stated, to the office of commander-in-chief. In it, the Prince records the substance of several conversations and the form of some correspondence which took place between himself and the late Duke of Wellington in the month of April 1850. In effect it amounts to this: the Duke, feeling that he could not be for long in the world, was desirous of securing for his successor, as commander-in-chief of the army, some one upon whom dependence could be placed that he would use the army according to the constitution. He selected Prince Albert and offered him the place. In answer to this tempting offer (the Prince himself records "the offer was so tempting for a young man that I felt bound to look most closely to all the objections to it") the Prince replied that he was not sure of his fitness for it, on account of his want of military experience. To this the Duke rejoined "that with good honest intentions one could do a great deal;" that he would provide for the proper performance of the military duties by creating a new officer out of an amalgamation of the two offices of adjutant-general and quartermaster-general, who would attend to the military duties under the sanction of the commander-in-chief; and that he would answer for the success of such a plan. But the Duke added one very important reason why he thought the Prince should accept the post, which was this: "He always stood up for the principle of the army being commanded by the sovereign; and he endeavoured to make the practice agree with that theory, by scrupulously taking, on every point, the Queen's pleasure before he acted. *But were he gone he saw no security*, unless I undertook the command myself, and thus supplied what was deficient in the constitutional working of the theory, arising from the circumstance of the present sovereign being a lady." Thus we see that this old and sagacious man, with his consummate knowledge of his country, of the persons by whom he was surrounded, frankly admitted that he knew of *no man* in the kingdom to whom, after his death, the army could be safely entrusted, so as to ensure the preservation of the Constitution. And this is what the Queen finds it necessary to tell her subjects, now that the only man who could be so depended upon has passed away from us and from her side.

To the interview between the Prince and the Duke, recorded in the above memorandum, succeeded one in which the Queen herself took part, in which the matter was fully gone into and discussed. In his memorandum of this interview, the Prince formulates the chief reason which deterred him from the acceptance of an offer "so tempting for a young man." He says: "The Queen, as a lady, was not able at all times to perform the many duties imposed upon her; moreover *she had no private secretary who worked for her*, as former sovereigns had had. The only person who helped her, and who could assist her, in the multiplicity of work which ought to be done by the Sovereign, was myself. I should be very sorry to undertake any duty which would absorb my time and attention so much for one department as to interfere with my general usefulness to the Queen. . . . The Queen added that I already worked harder than she liked to see and than she thought was good for my health, which I did not allow—answering that, on the contrary, business must naturally increase with time, and ought to increase, if the Sovereign's duties to the country were to be thoroughly performed; but that I was anxious no more should fall upon her than could be helped." To this record of the Queen's expression of anxiety about her husband's health as far back as the year 1850 a note is appended, which, like the memorandum formerly quoted, could have proceeded only from herself. In this she records her anxiety "lest the Prince should injure his health by his excessive attention to public business naturally continuing to increase," and the fact that when, in 1860, the Prince was invited to superintend the second Great International Exhibition, she wrote to Lord Granville, "without the knowledge of the Prince, expressing her earnest hope that he (Lord Granville) would do all that in him lay to prevent the responsibility and labour of conducting the undertaking being thrown in any way upon his Royal Highness. The Queen felt the deep necessity for averting any addition to the heavy work already entailed on the Prince by the assistance and support (every day more needful to her) which he gave her in the transaction of all public business; and her Majesty was convinced that he could not again

undertake the labour he had gone through in conducting the first Exhibition to its successful termination, without injury to that health which was not only most precious to herself and his family, but to the country, and even to the world." Taking these for what they undoubtedly are, the words of the Queen herself, it seems impossible to overrate their importance; for they prove that she knew the life of the Prince to be "most precious," not only to herself, but also to "the country, and even to the world." Granting him the full credit for all the amiable qualities attributed to him in the "Outlines of Character," it is clear that they alone would give no warrant for such an assertion. Such words can only mean that it is within the certain knowledge of the Queen that the Prince either did something or prevented something which was of vital importance both to the country and the world. What that something was we may possibly get an inkling of when we come to examine the position of the Queen at the time when these conversations took place.

The end of the negotiation between the Prince and the Duke of Wellington was that the former concluded to decline this "so tempting" offer. He embodied his reasons for this decision in a letter, which deserves to be read and appreciated by every loyal subject of the Queen. It is a very noble letter, proceeding from a clear, wise head, and a loving, unselfish heart. It displays the character of the Prince in the purest and brightest light: it triumphantly defends him from the charge of self-seeking; and it affords the most damning reputation to the calumnies which were heaped upon his name:

MY DEAR DUKE.—The Queen and myself have thoroughly considered your proposal to join the offices of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General into one of a Chief of the Staff, with a view to facilitate the future assumption of the command of the army by myself. . . . The question whether it will be advisable that I should take the command of the army or not, has been most anxiously weighed by me, and I have come to the conclusion that my decision ought entirely and solely to be guided by the consideration, whether it would interfere with, or assist, my position of Consort of the Sovereign, and the performance of the duties which this position imposes upon me.

This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. Whilst a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long run, will be found even to be stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself—should shun all ostentation—assume no separate responsibility before the public—but make his position entirely a part of hers—fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is besides the husband of the Queen, the tutor* of the Royal children, the private secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent minister.

How far would it be consistent with this position to undertake the management and administration of a most important branch of the public service, and the individual responsibility attaching to it—becoming an Executive Officer of the Crown, receiving the Queen's commands through her Secretaries of State, &c., &c.? I feel sure that, having undertaken the responsibility, I should not be satisfied to leave the business and real work in the hands of another (the Chief of the Staff), but should feel it my duty to look to them myself. But whilst I should in this manner perform duties which, I am sure, every able general officer, who has gained experience in the field, would be able to perform better than myself, who have not had the advantage of such experience, most important duties connected with the welfare of the Sovereign would be left unperformed, which nobody could perform but myself. I am afraid, therefore, that I must discard the tempting idea of being placed in command of the British army.

If the reader, who had the opportunity of perusing what was in the public press at the time, will carry his memory back so far, he will not fail to recollect that at that very time the Prince was being attacked for ambitiously conspiring to succeed the Duke of Wellington, and take the command of the army for the sake of his own aggrandisement. In July 1854, when this matter was referred to in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell took it upon himself to make a statement of the truth in the Prince's defence, which statement is referred to in this book as very succinct and accurate.

We now propose to consider, as briefly as may be, the position of the Crown, and subordinately of the Prince, at the time these conversations and correspondence took place. The Prince, it will be remembered, emphatically referred to the suppression of the office of private secretary to the Queen as the chief reason why his constant and undivided attention to the duties in which she required his assistance was of such vital importance. To understand the value of this point it should be recollected what the private secretary was. He was the only direct link between the Sovereign and her people. If a subject petitioned the Sovereign personally, it was through the private secretary, and not through the Secretary of State for the Home Department. If it were desirable to preserve any power in the Crown independently of the factions which have kept the reins of Government and the benefits of place in their own hands all through the reign of her Majesty, the preservation of such an office would have been an object of the first importance; but if, on the other hand, it were thought desirable, for the interest of what are called "parties," to reduce the power of the Crown to nothing, and to place the Queen,

helpless for all purposes of independent action, in the hands of "Ministers," then the abolition of this office would become a matter to be brought about *per fas aut nefas*. And brought about it was. By connivance of the "parties" (it could have been done in no other way) an Act of Parliament was passed abolishing the office of private secretary, and by that an important relic of independence was swept away from the Crown.

Of all the men in the kingdom not directly concerned about the profits of this transaction, the only one who gave any signs of understanding what had been done was Prince Albert. His letter to the Duke of Wellington proves indisputably that he fully understood the position of the Queen. That letter, reduced to its precise meaning, says this: "The Queen has been deprived of her private secretary, and unless I, sacrificing my own ambition and my own identity, supply the place at her side, she will lie bound hand and foot at the mercy of those against whom she needs to be protected." This was the function which the Prince fulfilled to the end of his life. This, and this only—not to the speeches reported in this book, not to his schemes of fine art improvement, not even to his promotion of the Great Exhibition—is the service to which the Queen refers when she characterises his life as "most precious, not only to herself and his family, but to the country, and even to the world;" for in that protection consisted the only real resistance which has been offered to designs which the Queen well knows to be perilous to the world.

To trace the working out of that protecting influence in all its manifestations would be a task beyond the capacities of our space, if not of our ability; but the words of the Queen herself will serve to prove how important she felt it to be, and how she dreads the consequences of its removal. "Desolate and sombre, as the Queen most deeply feels, lies the way before her—a path, however, of duty and of labour, which, relying on the loyal attachment and sympathy of her people, she will, with God's blessing, strive to pursue; but where she fears her faltering steps will often show they lack the tender and affectionate support which, on all occasions, her Majesty was wont to receive from her beloved husband, the Prince."

The history of a great, secret, political struggle must always be very difficult to write—for, in the very necessity of things, the true, unwritten history is directly contradicted by the false, written history in which the majority has been taught to believe. It is eminently so in this case. One or two events are, however, sufficiently patent to the public to warrant a reference to them. In 1850, the expressed intention of the Prince (expressed in the manner we have seen) to devote himself to the protection and assistance of his wife, was followed by a series of attacks upon his character from various quarters of the press. These attacks will serve to show how much he was feared by the persons who had control, of one kind or another, over those organs. The journalistic fugleman upon this occasion was a paper devoted to what is called liberalism, and the prejudices of the people were aroused against the Prince by charges of self-seeking, and of intriguing to sacrifice the interests of England to what was called "German influence"—as if anything could be to the detriment of England and at the same time to the advantage of Germany. These attacks were kept up through the year 1851, at the close of which France underwent the *Coup d'Etat*. When that took place the then Foreign Minister (now Prime Minister of England, wrote a despatch, entirely without the authority of the Queen, virtually recognising and approving of the *Coup d'Etat*. For that illegal and unconstitutional act the Queen, acting with the full approbation of Lord John Russell, dismissed the Minister and explained her act to her Parliament by a letter which Lord John Russell was authorised to read to the House, in which the Queen complained that the authority of the Crown had been usurped—a complaint which was echoed by Lord John Russell. How long did the Minister thus dismissed in disgrace—charged even with that which in former days would have been called treason—remain out of office? Not one year. And what took place in the meantime? Why this; in the first place, the attacks upon the Prince in the public prints were redoubled, and became so virulent, that when the Queen went to open Parliament in 1852, her beloved husband was hissed by the London mob. But there was something else took place; a pamphlet was written by a member of the staff of a newspaper very different in position from that which had previously been employed, and for that pamphlet one hundred pounds and a butt of sherry were paid. That pamphlet contained a most violent and malignant attack upon the character of the Prince. Proofs of it were sent to the Queen, with an intimation that the publication had been suppressed by the influence of her late Foreign Secretary; in other words, it was intimated to her that it lay within the power of the sender whether the character of her late husband should be still further maligned or not. This was approaching the Queen in her tenderest part. In an agony of fear the dismissed minister was sent for and, in the language of one who was well acquainted with the whole course of those transactions, "he crossed the threshold of that royal residence master of it and of England."

One word more has to be said about this book: What is its purpose? It is an explanation and an appeal. With as much distinctness as is possible to one in her position, the Queen here uses the press, for the first time in her life, as a direct means of communicating her own thoughts to her people. Whether they will understand her or not remains to be seen. Whether in the medley of intrigues and the conflict of parties there remains one uncorrupted man to under-

* Some persons have criticised this use of the word "tutor"; but these critics have only proved that the Prince really understood the word, and that they do not. The word "tutor" means "protector" or "guardian," and is so used in a legal sense by our Equity lawyers. Thus, in Suetonius, "tutorem imperii agere."

stand and answer what is meant when a woman, and she a queen, says "I am helpless," is what events only can disclose. "I should have thought," cried Burke, of another queen, "ten thousand swords would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look which threatened her with insult. But, no! the age of chivalry is gone —."

THE WILD IRISH GIRL.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence.
2 vols. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

THESE VOLUMES, partially at least, verify the vulgar adage which says that two many cooks are likely to spoil the broth; though, on the other hand, it may be said that the original materials for making the broth are so bad that a superfluity of cooks could hardly injure them by any possible amount of officiousness. The list of misprints in the two volumes would fill at least six pages. Lady Morgan, like many other half-educated women and men, was excessively fond of dragging quotations, from various languages known and unknown (whether apt or otherwise it made little difference) into her letters and diaries; and the two editors seem to have left it to an unlucky chance whether those quotations were correctly or incorrectly printed. Her Ladyship's letters are written, for the most part, in a detestable cento of English and French, and it is scarcely too much to say that one out of every three French phrases is incorrect in its grammar or its spelling. But the French language is not the only one which has suffered in the volume. We are surfeited with such solecisms of the commonest Latin phrases as "qui bono," "molles atque facitum," "pacata Hibernica," "poeta nascitur non fit," "dat denuo incrementum," "eadum autoritate," &c. Italian has fared nearly as bad as French; and even the two or three Irish phrases in the book are blunders. We should at least have thought that "cead mille falthe" (*sic*) might have been written correctly. There is sad blundering also in proper names. Thus we have *Poggio di Borgo*, *Perney*, *Durginian*. Even Stratton-ground, Westminster, to which classic region that genuine scoundrel Dermody used to retire, among trapezellers and costermongers, whenever he had wheedled or bullied any of his patrons out of a guinea, is invariably spelled in these pages *Stratton-ground*. Lady Morgan, moreover, is so ignorant of the history of her own country that she supposes that the Battle of the Boyne was fought on the 14th July (see Vol. I. p. 102). Where she got the following reading of the well-known ballad it is not easy to say:

'twas on the fourteenth of July
There was a grievous battle;
The musket-balls about did fly,
And the cannons they did rattle, &c., &c.

Every Irishman knows the words

July the first, near Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle;
And many a man lay on the ground,
While the cannons they did rattle, &c., &c.

Even "dear Dr. Watts" is made to write:

In books, and works, and healthful play.

Some of the misprints are, we confess, amusing enough, as, for instance that in page 364, Vol. II., where we read that "the manner of the Bishop of London was cold, collected, but quite as *mad*," &c., and anything amusing in a work of such frothy dullness as that before us is perhaps pardonable.

On the whole, the book, irrespective of its misprints and blunders, is a very saddening one. It is the record of a life of frivolity and petty vanity, occasionally redeemed, it is true, by some genuine touches of nature—from the age of eighteen to considerably upwards of eighty. At eighteen, indeed, human kittenhood is perhaps not unattractive in a pretty female; but perpetual giggling and the snores of more than three score years and ten make up but a ghastly combination. Old age to be venerated and venerable must be true to itself; and if anything could exonerate youth from that deep tribute of respect which it owes to age, it would be the spectacle of a man or woman far past the boundaries of ordinary life, with more than the flightiness usually conceded to a boy or girl in his or her teens. We write not in anger but in sorrow when we say that the autobiography of Lady Morgan is the record of a thoroughly frivolous life. It is impossible not to see that many of the butterflies who surrounded the physician's wife in her would-be fashionable old age, were half openly laughing at her. Mr. Dixon, in his preface, speaks of Lady Morgan's letters and diaries as likely to serve "a hundred years hence to illustrate with singular brightness and detail the domestic life of a woman of society in the reign of Victoria." We hold that Lady Morgan was no normal type of an Englishwoman of society in the reign of Victoria. If indeed she were, "society" would have very much to ask pardon for. We have heard a great deal of Lady Morgan's Liberalism, and one of the editors of the volume before us apparently seems to think that she had something to do with the passing of the Reform Bill; but, after all, her Ladyship's liberality came much more from the head than the heart. Had she been a duchess she would in all probability have been an ultra-Tory; but as she was first a governess, and, secondly, the wife of a provincial doctor, she became almost *vi et armis* an advanced Liberal, as it is called. One thing we must protest against, viz., that Lady Morgan should be taken as the type of the last generation of Irish ladies. After several of her odd escapades we read that somebody or other remarked, "how intensely Irish;" and even the editors seem to imagine that her Celtic temperament may serve as an

excuse for some of her abounding frivolities. This is hardly fair to a race amongst which is to be found quite as much that is good, and quite as little that is bad, as elsewhere among the same number of people.

We shall not inflict much of the opening part of the first volume upon our readers. Her father was a bankrupt actor—a good-natured, hot-headed Irish gentleman apparently—whom, afterwards, when she had attained to the marital honours of knighthood, she somehow or other—partly by wishing it, and partly by really believing it—elevated into a commoner of high rank. How he obtained the rank, or when he obtained it, we do not learn, as the writer boldly takes the earliest opportunity of protesting against all dates whatsoever, and with them she has discarded not a few facts. "What," she says, "has a woman to do with dates? Cold, false, erroneous chronological dates—new style, old style—precession of the equinox, ill-timed calculation of comets, long since due at their stations, and never come. . . . I mean to have none of them." And yet dates have their use. Had Miss Owenson reflected on her marriage-day that she had now been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years in the world, she would probably have taken her vows in a more solemn mood than appears to have been the case from her own statement:

Lady Morgan used to tell, very comically, of her dismay at finding herself fairly caught in the toils. Any romance she had felt about Sir Charles was frightened out of her for the time being, and she said she would have given anything to be able to run away again. Neither was much delay accorded to her. On a cold morning in January she was sitting in the library, by the fire, in her morning wrapper, when Lady Abercorn opened the door, and said, "Glorvina, come up stairs directly, and be married; there must be no more trifling!"

Her ladyship took Miss Owenson's arm, and led her up stairs into her dressing-room, where a table was arranged for the ceremony—the family chaplain, standing in full canonicals, with his book open, and Sir Charles ready to receive her. There was no escape left. The ceremony proceeded, and the Wild Irish Girl was married past redemption.

The event had at last come upon her by surprise. No one of the many visitors in the house knew of it coming on thus suddenly; nor was the fact itself announced till some days afterwards, when Lord Abercorn, after dinner, filled his glass and drank to the health of "Sir Charles and Lady Morgan."

We may narrate another incident which dates some little time before her marriage. Lady Morgan, or rather Miss Owenson, had received an invitation to some grand party, and, as she could not go in one of her friend's carriage, she went in a hackney-coach, with a Mrs. Patterson, who was also invited. "Non nostra est fabula;" let her tell her own tale:

The thought of this hackney-coach tormented Miss Owenson all the evening, and destroyed both her peace and pleasure; the idea of what people would say, and still worse, what they would think, if they discovered she had come in a hackney-coach!

She persuaded Mrs. Patterson to depart early, in the hope of escaping detection; but Lord George Granville, who was very much her admirer, perceived her exit, and insisted upon "seeing her to her carriage!"

Lady Morgan used to declare that her agony of false shame was dreadful; but sooner than confess she allowed the servants "to call her coach, and let her coach be called;" but of course it did not come. She then insisted upon "walking on to find it," and entreated Lord George to leave them to the servant, whom they had brought with them; but he was too gallant, and still insisted on keeping them company "till they should find their carriage."

The hackney coachman, who had been ordered to wait, espied them, and followed to explain that he was there and waiting. Mrs. Paterson took no notice; Miss Owenson took no notice; the footman, who guessed their trouble, took no notice either. The hackney coachman continued to follow them.

"What does that man mean by following us?" asked Lord George.

"I really cannot imagine," said the elder lady.

"I wish he would go away," said the younger one.

"What do you want, fellow?" asked Lord George.

"I want these ladies either to get into my coach or to pay me my fare."

"What does he mean—is he drunk?"

"No," said Miss Owenson, at last, laughing at the dilemma; "but the fact is, that we were so ashamed of coming in a hackney-coach that we wanted nobody to know it."

Mrs. Patterson proceeded to explain all about how it had happened that they were deprived of the use of their own carriage: but her representations were drowned in the peals of laughter with which Miss Owenson and Lord George recognised the absurdity of the situation.

"So you came in a hackney-coach, and would rather have walked home in the mud than have it known. How very Irish!" was his lordship's comment. He put them into their despised coach, and saw them drive away.

We should not be dealing fairly with the memory of Lady Morgan if we did not quote her own excuse for this morbid vanity—a vanity which in her often met, and, we regret to say, nearly as often vanquished, truth:

So delicately and fatally organised, that objects impalpable to others were by me accurately perceived, felt, and combined; that the faint ray which neither warmed nor brightened often gave a glow and a lustre to my spirits; that the faintest vapour through its evanescent passage through the atmosphere, threw no shadow on the most reflecting object, darkened my prospects and gloomed my thoughts. Oh! it was this unhappy physical organisation, this nervous susceptibility to every impression which circulated through my frame and rendered the whole system acute, which formed the basis of that condition of my mind and being, upon which circumstances and events raised the after superstructure. So few have been the days on which I sighed not that night close on them for ever—that I could now distinctly count them—alas! were they not the most dangerous of my days; the smiling and delusive preparations of supreme misery which time never failed to administer.

We shall not weary our readers with any of the endless tales of her infantile precocity, which Lady Morgan is so fond of relating, and which fill a great portion of the first volume. We quote as an interesting historical fact (a fact, however, which until this time has remained quite unknown) that the "Novice of St. Dominic" (one of the worst of Lady Morgan's many bad novels) "was a favourite with Mr. Pitt, and he read it over again in his last illness, a piece of good-fortune for a book of which any author might be proud." The

following is a little piece of sentimentalism quite touching in a future bride who had already passed the magic "thirty-five," on which Dr. Johnson wrote so ingeniously :

In one of Morgan's letters, under date Oct. 7, there is "a magic —" which requires a word of explanation. When Miss Owenson had been particularly naughty, and wished to make her peace, she would leave in her next note a small blank space to represent a kiss. Morgan was at liberty to believe that her lips had touched the paper, and to act accordingly.

It is, perhaps, not very profitable reading to know that Miss Owenson liked her comely *medico's* whiskers to be cut after a certain fashion, and that she herself "dressed her hair by the simple appliance of a wet brush to her abundant curls;" but otherwise the first volume of this autobiography would never have numbered five hundred and thirty-eight pages.

The second volume is hardly more amusing than its predecessor, though, amid exclamations from Lady Morgan that she disliked all women, that poverty is the worst of all human evils, &c., &c., we do now and then come upon something which shows that this volatile lady was beginning to find out that a perpetual aping of youthful airs would not ensure perpetual youth.

We have a curious glimpse at the state of literary journalism in the year 1821, *à propos* of Colburn's publication of Lady Morgan's book on Italy :

Colburn wrote with great satisfaction to Lady Morgan to tell her that the *Examiner*, the *New Times*, and the *John Bull*, had abstained from saying anything against the work, adding naïvely "I am intimately acquainted with the editors; and advertising with them a great deal, keeps them in check." Criticisms and reviews went more by clique than merit. Colburn's indignation when journals "in which he advertised largely" ventured to say a word in blame, or even in question of one of his publications, would be comic, if it did not reveal the entire abeyance of moral courage and independent judgment on the part of those who were presumed to guide public opinion in literary matters.

In a succeeding letter from Colburn we have a whimsical instance of the *liberality* of the *Times*:

DEAR MADAM.—I have forwarded to you some papers, in which the book is mentioned after a fashion—to call them criticisms would be a misnomer. The *Times* has acted the part of a traitor, after getting two copies from me. However, it only confirms me in the opinion that the *Times* is certainly the most illiberal of journals. I was much amused with the *Literary Chronicle* making a heinous offence in me keeping my author before the public!

Colburn had previously pointed out the advantage—to himself if not to the public—of a popular publisher being also the proprietor of a literary journal :

I should indeed be sorry that you should be compelled to arrange with any other bookseller, and whatever apparent advantage there may be in publishing with any other, I am very confident, on proper balancing, of its being in my favour. No one bookseller, I am certain, takes the tenth part the pains I do in advertising, and in other respects I do not think any one will in future cope with me, since, from January next, I shall have under my sole control two journals, viz., the *New Monthly*, which flourishes as well as possible in England, and my new forthcoming weekly literary journal, which is to be sent free by the post instantly all over the country like a newspaper, and to foreign parts. It is to be called *The Literary Gazette and Journal of the Belles Lettres*. The publication will form a new epoch in literature : it will please and astonish the public by its novelty, and cut up the sale of my rival reviews and journalists by the novelty of its plan, the value of its contents, and the preferable mode of its publication—thirteen numbers for one of the Quarterly ! but more of this anon, in my prospectus.

In 1823 there seemed some doubt whether Lady Morgan would not have to lay aside her "ladyship" and descend to plain "Mrs." :

Sir Charles Morgan had been knighted by an act of personal favour, before he had done anything ostensibly to merit the distinction, and it had been made a handle for ill-natured sarcasm; but vague ill-nature gave place to special hostility. Lady Morgan had made herself too marked a personage in the liberal interest to escape the hatred of the opposite party. The Tory clique desired to mortify her by any means, they were not particular about their weapon, and they certainly hit upon a method which was likely to mortify her to their heart's content.

The right of the Lord-Lieutenant to confer the honour of knighthood was impugned. It was speciously argued that since the union, the king alone in person could confer honours. The titles of several of their own partisans were at stake as well as Sir C. Morgan's; but they were willing to sacrifice a few of their friends to their hatred of Lady Morgan. The case was argued in England before the judges at the house of the Lord Chief Justice Dallas. Legal opinion was favourable to the privilege, and the following letter conveyed the intelligence to Sir Charles Morgan. Lady Morgan cared for the title a great deal more than her husband did; but it would have been a mortification to him to have had it declared an illegal possession.

A letter, however, from the "Office of Arms" left Sir Charles and his ladyship in possession of their much coveted honours.

In page 188 we find an account of Lady Morgan's literary earnings up to the year 1824.

By my earnings, since April 3, 1822, I have added to our joint-stock account, such sums as makes the whole £109⁷₇, from 2678L 11s. 6d., as it stood on that date. The several sums, therefore, vested in the Irish and English Stocks, and which, being my earnings, I have disposed of according to my marriage settlement, are—

£	s.	d.
5109	1	1
Reduced 3 per Cent. Annuities.		
680	0	0
Irish 3½ per Cent.		
32	13	9
Irish 5 per Cent.		
600	0	0
Loan at Interest.		
<hr/>		
£6421	14	10

The above is not a despicable sum to have made by her own industry, and saved by her own thrift.

Lady Morgan drove extremely hard bargains with her publishers,

but this total considerably exceeds the amount of the various sums of money paid to her up to the period mentioned in the text. Some future Colenso may possibly from this circumstance prove, or at least argue, that such a personage as Lady Morgan never had an existence. The story of the Colleen Bawn has often been narrated, but we give Lady Morgan's version of it :

We talked of the good, but coarse Irish novel, "The Colleen Bawn." The story is a fact, and not only a fact, but the trial of the hero, and the whole melancholy event, was given by Curran in the *New Monthly Magazine*, just after it happened—in much finer style than in the "Collegians." The hero was a Mr. Scanlan, a dissipated young man in the county of Limerick; his family are what the peasants call, "small gentry," we, "gentry." His uncle, Mr. Scanlan, was High Sheriff last year; Curran dined with him the day of the hero's execution. Curran said the uncle's *sang froid* and indifference were frightful; he shrugged his shoulders, tucked his napkin under his chin, said "it was a sad business," and called for soup." In this, one may discern the same temperament as in the nephew—the murderer.

The fair, frail girl, whom this Munster Lothario had seduced, robbed her uncle of eighty pounds at his suggestion—satiety and avarice were his motives to marry her. She had given him forty pounds, he wanted the rest and to get rid of her.

When he had sent her off in the boat with his servant, who was first to shoot and then fling her into the Shannon, he lurked about the shore waiting his return. To his dismay, he saw the party row back—she, all smiles and fondness, extending her arms to him. The servant, taking him aside said, "I cannot kill her! Sure, when I had the pistol raised, she turn round with her innocent face, and smiled so in mine; I could not hurt a hair of her head, the crathur."

Scanlan took him to a public-house; primed him with whiskey, gave him a fresh bribe, and sent him off once more, with his victim, to sail on the Shannon—waited his return on the shore, and saw him come back without her.

The other anecdote was this: The jailor of Limerick had been an old and confidential servant in the Scanlan family, and had nursed this young man on his knee.

When the moment of execution arrived, and he knelt down to knock off the irons, his tears dropped on every link, and looking up in the young man's face, said, "Ah, Master John! when I nursed you in these arms, in your father's house, little ever I thought this would be the office I should do for you."

Scanlan died with a lie on his lips, denying the crime. He had been condemned on the strongest circumstantial evidence; but shortly after his death, the servant, who had murdered the girl at his command, was taken up for another murder and hanged. He gave every link that was wanted in the chain of evidence, and related the whole story a little before his execution.

Here are a couple of anecdotes of that oddity, Lady Cork :

Lady Charleville was pre-eminently agreeable to-day—we talked over Lady Cork; she is eighty-one, and gave a dinner to twenty special guests the other day. Her last intrigue "*aux choux et aux raves*," was driving a hard bargain with the Tyrolese to sing at her party. She picked them up in the Regent's-park, and brought them down to thirty shillings, which she was heard wishing to beat down to eight, when she stood with them where she thought there was no one to listen, but they held out for the thirty shillings.

At the Duke of St. Albans, where there were all the opera people, she said, "Duke, now, couldn't you send me the pack for my evening?" "Certainly," said he, and they were sent with a grand pianoforte. When they came to her, Lady Cork got frightened, and said "Je suis une pauvre veuve, je ne saurais payer de tels talents, mais vous verrez la meilleure société, la Duchesse de St. Albans," &c., &c. The Primo Amoro bow'd, and acknowledged the honour, but intimated that the Duchess always paid them.

Lady Cork went to the Duke and accused him of taking a word at random, *tout de bon*.

The Duchess overhearing, came forward in a rage, and scolded the little Duke like a naughty schoolboy. The angry Duchess took all upon herself. Lady Cork was very angry at "the show up."

Lady Cork, by the way, passed an amusing but probably not altogether unjust criticism upon Lady Morgan's theatrical manners: "I like Lady Morgan very much as an Irish blackguard, but I can't endure her as an English fine lady." Her latter ladyship was also occasionally a critic of *bon ton*:

Last night, at Mr. Perry's, son of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. House after Louis XIV. style; company, Fonblanque, of the *Examiner*; Kenny, the dramatist, &c., &c. The manner of all the men cold and languid; reserve, shyness, and *morgue* make up the character and manners of English society.

Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, handsome, insolent, and unamiable, to judge by her style and manners; she, and all the *demi-esprits*, looked daggers at me; not one of them have called on me, and in society they get out of my way. How differently I should behave to them if they came to Ireland.

"E calo descendit γνῶντας εἰπεῖν," says Juvenal; and the worthy Mr. James Devlin, having failed as a poet, philosophically determined to "stick to his last."

James Devlin to Lady Morgan.

Dublin, Thursday.

MADAM.—Finding that I may expect no benefit from my poetry, and feeling that I must use some exertion to get myself out of the difficulties my want of employ has involved me in, I again take the liberty of troubling your ladyship, requesting, should Sir C. Morgan want any articles in the way of my business (a gentleman's boot and shoe-maker), that he would do me the kindness of favouring me with a trial, confident, should he do so, of my ability to give satisfaction.—I remain, your ladyship's obliged and most obedient servant,

JAMES DEVLIN.

In 1837 Lady Morgan received the grant of a pension of 300*l.* per annum from the Government. This was the more acceptable, as her writings had long ceased to fetch anything like the prices formerly given for the production of her pen. Not, indeed, that she wrote worse than she had written ten years before; but the tide had turned, and she no longer suited the humour of the public as she had done during the hot agitation for the Reform Bill. The public had at length become palled with Irish governesses, who were all Sapphos in genius, if not in morals, and who ultimately married Dukes. Lady Morgan had been the literary Dundreary of the hour, and had thus acquired fame and money little due to her real deserts. We fear, too, that posterity will not accord that immortality prophesied to her husband for his now-forgotten "Philosophy of Life," "a work," she

observes, "yet destined to give immortality to its author, whose misfortune was to have lived in advance of his age."

We close our extracts with a quotation from Lady Morgan's diary, date June 1851. If Miss Jewsbury is correct in supposing Lady Morgan to have been born at least six years before her husband, her birth could not have taken place later than 1776. We believe, however, that she was really born in 1774, and that she was at this time in her seventy-eighth year:

I am leading a very gay life, for I think with so solitary a home as mine is, social excitement is almost necessary for me. I am, thank goodness, in better health than I have been for a long time. I will turn to *mon livre des bénéfices* and give you the cream of the day as it passed me, leaving the skim milk in oblivion. First, Lady Beauchamp's grand majority rout (where I only staid half an hour) the heat and crowd was too much for me; but I had a "word and a blow," with fifty of my particular friends—old Rogers in the thick of the fight. Next on my list, on the 24th a dinner at Wentworth Dilke's; dinner excellent; company, the Earls of Carlisle and Granville, and all Her Majesty's commissioners for the Exhibition, and many other eminent persons—a charming dinner. I must tell you of my visit to the Crystal Palace the other morning, where I have permission to go early, as I cannot encounter the crowd. . . . On my return from this palace of the genii, a charming Bohemian lady, Madame Noel, took me to a matinée, given for the benefit of the distressed Hungarians, for which I had passed tickets and subscribed; but it was a hot crowd with cold draughts. Fanny Kemble recited the divine Allegro and il Penseroso. It went to my very soul, where every line was impressed half a century back; but I returned tired and weary. Alas! I feel

"I am wearied away to the land of the leal."

Still my spirits keep me afloat, and I am good for—

"A few gay soarings yet."

Poor Rogers! I sat an hour with him the other day; he is the ghost of his former self; he talked with compassion of Moore's state, who is now bedridden, and has lost his memory—remembers nothing but some of his own early songs, which he sings as he lies, and which is heartrending to hear by those who are around him.

Eight years later this indomitable woman was leading nearly as "gay a life."

We must confess that we close these volumes without reluctance. A rouged, bewigged, and fantastically dressed old woman, more than eighty years old, aping the manners of a school-girl of eighteen, and clinging to the frivolities of life with a ghastly tenacity, is a spectacle, the contemplation of which may be profitable for us at times, but can never be pleasant. If we wanted to point a moral and not adorn a tale for the possible future of our wives, sisters, or daughters, we should say, "Be not outwardly at least—for who may judge the inward workings of the heart?—like her, the story of whose four-score years is narrated in the eleven hundred melancholy pages before us."

THE SPHERE OF DREAMS.

Die Symbolik des Traums. Von GOTTHILF HEINRICH VON SCHUBERT. [The Symbolism of Dream. By SCHUBERT.] Leipsic: Brockhaus. pp. 262.

IN THE ROMANIC LITERATURES perfection of form is the foremost condition; in the Germanic literatures it is sometimes not even a condition at all. There are many famous French works which have no other charm than their artistic finish. But of famous English works how few have any attraction except their suggestiveness: form, artistic finish, being entirely disregarded. The Italians and the Spaniards have, in their literary achievements, been less the slaves of form than the French from possessing a richer genius, and from being more the children of the sun. Yet how often do the Italians and Spaniards mock us, like the French, with beautiful shapes which have no opulent and throbbing life! In the Germans proper there is no instinctive perception of form, though they can discourse about form with profoundest and most poetic wisdom. Form, with the Germans, is an ideal, but not a passion; and the unfinished cathedral of Cologne, whose history goes back to the days of Charlemagne, typifies the vision, the dazing, and the despair of a nation. Yet, in their half-chaotic world—and we are afraid that in politics no less than in literature, half-chaotic it will always remain—how fertile and mighty the Germans have been! And how gladly we wander in the vast German wilderness, with no wish that ever should ever reign there. Germany only blundered when it attempted to be classical after either Romanic or antique models. Sudden and fierce was the reaction against Goethe and Schiller: it still continues, and shows no signs of stopping. Of course, like all reactions, it has begotten monsters; but, spite of the monsters, it has forced Germany into the channel of its natural development, from which it had for a season deviated. Richter will ever remain Germany's most characteristic writer. And even a wild, fantastic, strangely, strikingly original, Hoffmann, is more a revelation of the deep German soul than the leader of a falsely classical school, however laudable that leader might be. A German author must be an eccentricity or he is not worth reading. Disdaining and defying literary standards, he is his own supreme law. Hence, while other literatures grow stale, German literature is immortally fresh. The procession of sublime eccentricities endeth never more. We do not trouble ourselves to determine their classical significance; sufficeth it that as they sweep in zigzag or roundabout fashion past they thrill us with infinite wonder and joy. What alone is sad is that brief must be our communion with each. We climb only the lowest ranges of the mountain and pierce not beyond the borders of the boundless forest.

Not as an accomplished literary artist, a German writer—recently

departed—Schubert, interests us, but as an eccentricity in the genuine and honourable, and not vulgar and degrading, sense of the word.

Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert was born at Hohenstein, on the 26th April, 1780. His father, like the fathers of so many illustrious Germans, was a Protestant clergyman. The years of his childhood and of his earliest education were passed, partly in the house of his parents and partly in the house of a schoolmaster at Lichtenstein, whose family was related to his own. He then entered the Gymnasium at Greitz, and in a few years after that at Weimar. That Weimar was for the time the literary centre of Germany was of less value, for the growth and enrichment of Schubert's mind, and for the moulding of his character, than that he gained the friendship, the protection, the guidance of the noble Herder, who treated him with fatherly kindness, and gladly allowed him to be the playmate of his sons. That catholic culture, for which Herder was so remarkable, and which he did so much to promote, Schubert strove to make his own. After familiarising himself with the literary productions of the Greeks and Romans, Schubert turned to the masterpieces of modern literature, and from these to the marvels of the physical sciences. In 1799 he became a student in the University of Leipsic, that he might devote himself to theology as a profession, in accordance with the desire of his father. But even at the outset, other things besides theology fixed his attention, and, yielding to an impulse which he struggled in vain to control, he was regularly present at lectures on mathematics, botany, and natural philosophy. Intensely pious, profoundly religious, and with a strong mystical bias, Schubert could yet not vanquish his repugnance to theology as a science and as a profession. A visit to home during one of the vacations, in 1800, enabled him to obtain his father's consent to his renunciation of theology for medicine. It was as a medical student, therefore, that he returned to Leipsic. But he exchanged Leipsic for Jena at Easter, 1801. At Jena he was welcomed by many of his old Weimar comrades, and shared heartily in those noisy yet harmless enough recreations for which German students are so celebrated, and which contrast so significantly with the sober and tranquil existence to which most of the students, after leaving the university, are condemned. The University of Jena was at the height of its influence and renown. Schiller, now resident at Weimar, had been Professor of History at Jena; and among his prose works may be found brilliant specimens of the lectures he delivered. Erhard Schmid, Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, were at Jena the puissant promoters of the philosophical movement which Kant had begun; and Jena was the scene of Hegel's first triumphs. Towards the end of the last, or the beginning of the present century, we find at Jena Voss, distinguished as poet, as translator, as scholar, as critic; William, the myriad-minded brother of the myriad-minded Alexander, Humboldt; Fries, a philosopher of sufficient individuality to found a school; and Krause, a man of rich gifts, and of a pure and exalted nature, who propounded theories as elevating as they were singular, chiefly about Freemasonry, and, who, notwithstanding his pregnant philosophical utterances died, without meeting apt and adequate field and thorough appreciation. At Jena the Brothers Schlegel had raised that banner of Romanticism round which the most aspiring talents of Germany gathered, including Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, Arnim. Tieck had fixed on Jena as one of the stations in his wandering life. It was not till the glory of Jena was commencing to fade that Oken as a Jena professor brought his genius and learning to the regeneration and transformation of natural history. Numerous great names had adorned the Medical Faculty at Jena: whereof Gruner may be mentioned, and the eminent and admirable Hufeland, whose "Art of Prolonging Life," has been translated into nearly all European languages. It was, like Oken, in the declining empire of Jena, that Doeberiner, a celebrated chemist, began a professional career at the University. Of Jena's theological professors, one, Doederlein has left an honourable memory in Germany but not beyond it; three, Eichhorn, Griesbach, and Paulus have a European reputation. Of those professors who at present sustain Jena's ancient influence it would be out of place to speak. The Battle of Jena in October 1806 seemed to smite the strength of the Jena University as well as the liberties of Prussia. It was at Jena that the Burschenschaft was organised, which, though professing and animated by patriotic purposes, excited, for that very reason, the suspicion, provoked the persecution, of the Holy Alliance. Sand also,—the assassin of Kotzebue, was a Jena student; and for no other cause, the King of Prussia, with the incomparable logic of a narrow-minded despotism, forbade his subjects to attend the University of Jena. But when Schubert was a student at Jena, there was no sign of degeneracy, no foreboding of disaster, and Jena, and the neighbouring Weimar—both under the sceptre of the same enlightened ruler—were, in the best sense, the two most liberal cities of Germany. Into all the movements around him, except the rationalistic movement, Schubert threw himself with the whole warmth of his heart, with the whole wealth of his imagination. Romanticism, mediævalism, mysticism, divinest science, divinest philosophy, when speaking to him spoke to heedful and ecstatic ears. Schelling was not much more than five years older than Schubert, but he had published works at twenty, and at twenty-five he was recognised as the founder of a new philosophical doctrine. To Schelling Schubert attached himself with the enthusiasm of a disciple and the passion of a devotee; but though a Schelling leaven may be discovered in Schubert's more ambitious speculations, yet that mystical sympathy by which he is so dear to us, he could receive from no one; it was the gift of heaven. Having taken his medical degree,

Schubert left Jena. Marrying immediately after, he was for some years a medical practitioner at Altenburg. But, not regarding his education as yet complete, he selected Freiberg as a temporary home, mainly in order that he might profit from the instructions of Werner, the founder of what has been called the Neptunian theory in geology. Again a wanderer, and consulting less his worldly interests than his social instincts and his aspirations for the spiritual and the beautiful, Schubert, in 1806, pitched his tent at Dresden, where the most beloved and revered of his friends now dwelt, and from which radiated the influences in respect to art, to religion, and to literature that Jena had formerly diffused. But besides the old friends, there were many new friends to welcome Schubert at Dresden; and he discovered to his unspeakable surprise that while he had only been yearning for friendship he had been reaping fame. He was induced to give a course of lectures, which was published under the title "Views of the Night Side of the Natural Sciences," a work frequently reprinted. About the same time appeared the first part of a larger work, "Presentiments or Conjectures respecting a General History of Life." In the spring of 1809 he was, by Schelling's recommendation appointed the director of the *Real Institut*, or higher-elementary school, at Nürnberg. This ancient and interesting city harmonised better with Schubert's tastes and feelings than the more showy Dresden. Some of his colleagues, and not a few of the inhabitants, longed—as Schubert longed for a deeper religious life—for a more radiant and pregnant contemplation of the invisible. But he was not free from contrarieties and annoyances. The school of which he was the director was exceedingly prosperous; that it might, however, the better be—what it was intended to be—a school for the middle classes, Schubert sought to give the German language and literature precedence over the classical languages. This scheme encountered the determined opposition of the theologian Paulus, already mentioned who had now a conspicuous official position at Nürnberg; but the scheme secured the approbation of the statesman Lerchenfeld, who grew from a simple protector into Schubert's warm friend. With the boldness of a philosopher, the faith of a child, the purity of a saint, the charity of an angel, Schubert freely interchanged thought with Hegel, who was for eight years the rector of the Nürnberg Gymnasium. Tolerant to each other, but both earnest, the greatest of modern dialecticians and one of the most delightful of modern mystics, discoursed of those lofty themes in reference to which the mystic and not the dialectician must ever be nearest to the truth. It is not, however, for the battle, but for the banquet that the true mystic hungers; not for the battle of ideas, but for the banquet of emotion and fantasy. This banquet was offered to Schubert by his commune with Kanne—a man whose internal and external history had been equally remarkable, and who wrote some strange mystical and mythological books; and with John Matthias Burger, who had an immense collection of theological and mystical works. The relations which Schubert formed with Francis Baader, a noted and voluminous mystical author, varied and augmented the banquet. But in the midst of the banquet a terrible and unbidden guest came: Death in 1812 tore from Schubert his sweet and much-loved wife. In the following year Julia Muhlmann entered as second wife the desolate household, and she was long spared to be the devoted companion of his pilgrimage. Doubly happy in the city of Hans Sachs and of Albert Dürer, happy in his home and friendships, happy in his communion with the Invisible, Schubert left Nürnberg with extreme reluctance in 1816. Frederick Louis, the heir to the Grand Duchy of Mecklenberg Schwerin, invited him to Ludwigslust, to educate his children. Of these, one was a little girl of two years old, Helena, who was destined to brilliant fortune and to signal misfortune, but who in every vicissitude displayed the same heroic virtues. We believe that Schubert published a book about the Duchess of Orleans shortly after her death, and shortly before his own. In 1819 Schubert accepted a professorship at Erlangen, and in 1827 one at München; after which no farther change of official position awaited him. At München, as elsewhere, Schubert allowed affinity to guide him in his friendships and pursuits. Distinctions and distinctions sought him, though he sought not distinctions or distinction. He was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, and the King of Bavaria ennobled him. Having completed fourscore years of holiness, of happiness, and of most manifold usefulness, Schubert died on the 1st July, 1860, in the house of his grandson, at Laufzorn, near Grünwald, in Upper Bavaria. In addition to a host of scientific works—all, however, more or less pervaded by the mystical spirit—Schubert wrote a History of the Soul and a Life of Oberlin. He was, moreover, the author of several books of travel, one of them being a "Journey to the East in the Years 1836 and 1837." He also gave, in three volumes, his Autobiography to the world. Impartial judges, free from all sympathy with Schubert's mysticism, have praised him simply as a scientific man for a rare faculty of analogy and induction.

A work to which Schubert is indebted for a considerable part of his fame is his "Symbolism of Dream," the first edition of which was published about fifty years ago. A fourth edition has just appeared, edited by the author's son-in-law, Dr. Frederick Henry Ranke, who has furnished a long and elaborate introduction. The book is more religious than poetical, more poetical than philosophical; and, indeed, the philosopher pure it must repel. It is written with little literary skill, abounding in convolutions and circumlocutions. Less man the dreamer than nature the dreamer it attempts to depict. Though table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other odious and idiotic quackeries

have brought that part of the Invisible into discredit which nature the dreamer embraces, yet nature the dreamer remains for science and religion alike to approach with exceeding awe. There is plainly a world of the soul apart both from the world of matter and the world of mind. Now this world of the soul, so far from being limited to man, is universally diffused, and may often be found more developed in the insect, or even in the plant, than in man himself. In man this world of the soul dwells and operates in that division of the nervous system which is called the sympathetic, the vegetative, the organic, the involuntary. Through dream proper, through somnambulism, through magnetic sleep, through disease, through madness, through a thousand modes of the abnormal, man has speech and contact with nature the dreamer. Now there is nothing here for idle curiosity, there is nothing for shallow scepticism, but there is much for reverent inquiry. We have not been slow in denouncing charlatans and charlatanisms; but, because charlatans and charlatanisms have intruded into this sacred region, are we to be hindered from saying that we are the firmest believers in nature the dreamer? Schubert is, perhaps, somewhat too credulous; but as an interpreter of nature the dreamer, he is second to none. And nature's dreams are worth interpreting for many reasons. They are the ladder to the unseen, and the unseen would overwhelm us if there were not symbols extending through all nature to connect a region which we behold with a region which never can be revealed, but of which we have the presentiment. They fill up the gulph between man and what he haughtily calls the lower creation. They compel him to recognise a brotherhood with, and to feel an interest in things the most despised. They teach him that the tradition of miracles in nature, at which he has been disposed to sneer, is an accurate and substantial history. They enable him to find the deep meaning of the symbols which have been the divinest portion of every religion. By making science more humble they make it more fruitful and victorious. It is not needful, however, to be the champions of this or that theory to relish and to profit from Schubert's most suggestive volume. Whoso can rise above earth's hard and bare realities has here food presented to him such as he has seldom tasted. Blessed are they who, in a prosaic age, can either dream or interpret dreams; while others are boasting that they are all eyes, never knowing slumber, let us dream divinely on.

ATTICUS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Origin and History of the English Language. By GEORGE P. MARSH. London: Low, Son, and Co. pp. xv.—574.

"CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ:" let us withdraw for a while from the sounds of strife, and tread the peaceful paths of literature in the company of an American. Let us forget, for a time, that across the Atlantic is the din of war, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clash of bayonets, the groans of wounded, and the prayers of dying men around Fredericksburg, as we trace with Mr. Marsh the history of that language in which the combatants curse each other. For Mr. Marsh is an American, "and from the North: from the North we obtained literature, from the South we obtained cotton—whence the preponderance of English sympathy in favour of the latter. The places of learning in America are, for the most part, in the North. Universities are not uncommon there; but then the South has the advantage of negro slavery—whence the natural preference of Englishmen for the latter. But, in spite of that preference, we are not without hopes of being able to show that we owe a debt of gratitude and admiration to at least one accomplished gentleman from the North. Mr. Marsh, in fact, whilst endeavouring to serve his own countrymen, has wrought a work which entitles him to the best thanks of his cis-Atlantic kinsmen; he has produced a book, which will be found a welcome addition to existing English literature. His present volume forms a sequel to those "Lectures upon the English Language," upon which, two or three years ago, many very favourable opinions were expressed, and which, under the editorship of Dr. William Smith, of multifarious reputation, have become the manual for English students. Nor is it the least proof of the excellence of Mr. Marsh's former volume that it is mentioned in terms of the highest respect by Professor Max Müller in his "Lectures on the Science of Language." Mr. Marsh's second series consists of twelve lectures "delivered at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in the United States, in the autumn and winter of 1860-1861." Their nature is such that though in them occasional reference is made to the first series, their intelligibility by no means depends thereon. They form of themselves a perfectly independent course, and though the possession of both series would be a matter of congratulation, it is by no means a matter of necessity. Mr. Marsh originally intended his lectures for the use of Americans, but he has been induced to publish them first in England, and we do not think he will have any occasion to regret that he listened to the voice of the charmer—or rather publisher—for we cannot but think that his volume has gained much by the course which he has adopted. It is like the tree of knowledge, not only good for (intellectual) food but pleasant to the eyes, and altogether very different in appearance from the rough-and-ready specimen which contained his first series.

But it is Mr. Marsh's evident love of his subject which is so charming a feature in his work. That alone would suffice to place it far above Professor Craik's perfunctory "Outlines of the History of the English Language," which we consider valuable only for the number of extracts from forgotten or seldom-used authors which it

contains. Mr. Marsh leads his readers to a contemplation of what remains of the compositions of those who laid the foundation of our present language and our present literature, with all the tenderness and reverence with which he would conduct them over a portrait-gallery of their deceased ancestors, pointing out here a feature and there a feature which marks, by the unmistakeable imprint of nature, a family likeness between the living and the dead. He would have all true lovers of the Anglo-Saxon tongue gather affectionately about the grave, and lay fresh flowers upon the tomb of the dead language. For though from its ashes has sprung a speech and a written expression of speech, whereby has been preserved for posterity a collection of literary gems which no jewels of antiquity or modernity can out-shine, the Anglo-Saxon tongue is dead. We may trace it in the dramas and sonnets of universal Shakespeare; in the noble epic of Milton; in the glorious flights of grand old Dryden; in the exquisite diction of Tennyson; even in the genial humour of Dickens, and the caustic sallies of Thackeray; but yet the Anglo-Saxon tongue is dead. As a medium of literary effort it has long been dead. We must study to comprehend it as a man would study Sanscrit or the Urduzeban. Professor Müller observes that Horace confesses he could not read the Salian hymns; that the Salian priests, according to Quintilian, could not understand their own hymns; and that, according to Polybius, the best-informed Romans of his day could not interpret ancient treatises between Rome and Carthage. So it is with us. The best of modern scholars, with all his gifts of intuition sharpened and exercised to the utmost, would have some difficulty in reading, without previous preparation, a hundred consecutive lines of Chaucer; would gape hopelessly, without more preparation, over "The Vision of Piers Ploughman;" and would relinquish in despair "The Ormulum" and "Layamon." Mr. Marsh, in this volume, not only points out this fact, but, in his endeavour to inculcate a love for the study of philological history, gives us many useful aids towards a knowledge both of the Anglo-Saxon, which is dead, and of the earlier products of that English which, springing from the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon, stretched gradually out, absorbing what it needed from all that came in contact with it, until it arrived at the height and breadth which it exhibits in the writings of Shakespeare. For Mr. Marsh brings his history no lower than the age of Shakespeare for reasons which to us appear sound; but let our readers form their own opinion. These are Mr. Marsh's words:

I do not propose to carry down my sketches later than to the age of Shakespeare, when I consider the language as having reached what in the geography of great rivers is called the *lower course*, and as having become a flowing sea capable of bearing to the ocean of time the mightiest argosies, a mirror clear enough to reflect the changeable hues of every sky, and give body and outline to the grandest forms which the human imagination has ever conceived.

It were to reprint nearly the whole work to present our readers with all there is in it which we consider worthy of notice; but there are a few points upon which we so heartily agree with Mr. Marsh, that we shall give them prominence. He insists very strongly upon the danger one runs of being wrong should one pronounce such or such a spelling, and such or such a dialectic form normal at any given period, upon the authority of sparse manuscripts; seeing that "there is no unity until great authors arise and become generally recognised as authoritative standards;" and seeing that, as he mentions more than once, the Adam of printers set an example which is not uncommonly followed by his children in this generation, of considering orthography his graphy and cacography everybody else's graphy. Moreover, even great authors have their crotchetts. Did not Lord Macaulay write malecontent? And may not that be brought forward in the days of his lordship's favourite New Zealander as weighty evidence that that was the normal spelling of our day, or even lead to a discussion as to the existence of such a word as *male-content*? Again, Mr. Marsh is very anxious for "a literal production of one or more of the best manuscripts" of Chaucer; "in short, an edition conducted on the same principles as the noble Wycliffite versions by Forshall and Madden." We, as Mr. Marsh professes himself to be, are ignorant of the existence of anything of the kind, with the exception, perhaps, as he acknowledges, of Wright's "Canterbury Tales." Mr. Marsh is very justly indignant at those etymologists who derive words, after the fashion of Dr. Noah Webster, from any root, Sanscrit, Gothic, Romance, Celtic, or Sclavonic, to which they bear a fancied resemblance, without any regard to historical induction. Etymology and history go hand in hand; one helps the other, as may be seen by any one who will do himself the pleasure of reading that portion of Professor Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language," where he gives an outline of the argument he would use to prove that the *Ophir* of Solomon was *India*, and that Sanscrit was the spoken language of India before the days of Solomon. Mr. Marsh does not agree with those who will allow "no amalgamation of the grammatical characteristics of different speeches," and in support of his view gives an illustration showing how the grammar of the Armenian tongue "has conformed itself to the structure of the Turkish." Another amongst the points upon which we read Mr. Marsh's remarks with peculiar pleasure is orthoepy. He reprobates strongly and justly "the boldness with which philologists pronounce on the orthoepy of dialects which have been dead for a thousand years, or which are known to them only by written notation;" and he aptly illustrates his remarks by a story of a gentleman of fair attainments, who, after residing several years at Constantinople, wrote thus: "Whatever else I have written, bactasch! my earliest acquaintance in the Turkish

language, I shall never forget you!" Such was the nearest approach he could make to the orthoepy of our old friend *bakhsheesh*. And with respect to Anglo-Saxon orthoepy, Mr. Marsh well observes that "we may as well confess what we cannot conceal, namely, that we know next to nothing at all on the subject." Lastly, Mr. Marsh has something to say upon the subject of plagiarism. We heartily concur with him in his view that it is owing to the commercial spirit of our age that plagiarism creates such an outcry, and that men are "less tender of the reputation than the purse." We should probably do him injustice if we ventured to condense all his observations, and they are too numerous to transcribe, so we must refer those who care to know what he has to say to the volume itself. We cannot help thinking, however, that by a comparison of the following extract from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" (which by the way is itself borrowed) with the "Morte d'Arthur" of our laureate, he might have shown how a charge of plagiarism might lie against Tennyson:

Therefore sayd Arthur vnto syr Bedwere, take thou Excalibur my good swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde, and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water & come ageyn and tell me what thou there seest. My lord said Bedwere your commandement shal be doen & lyghtly bringe you wordis ageyn. So syr Bedwere departed, & by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the haft was al of precioues stones, & thenne he sayd to hym self yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water therof shal never come good but harme & losse. And thenne syr bedwere hydde exalcybut vnder a tree. And so as soone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water. What sawe thou there sayd the kyng, syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but wawes and wynds. That is vntrewly sayd of the sayd of the kyng. Therefor goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commandement as thou arte to me leef & dere spare not but throwe it in. Than syr bedwere returned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hand, and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde, and so eft he hydde the swerde and returned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commandemente. What sawe thou there sayd the kyng. Syr he sayd I sawe no thyng but the waters wappe and wawes wanne. A traytour vntrewes sayd kyng Arthur now hast thou betrayed me twyse. Who wold haue wente that thou hast been to me so leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde. But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete jeopardy of my lyf. For I haue taken colde, and but yf thou do now as I byd thee, yf euer I may see the I shal sles the (wyth) myn owne handes, for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede. Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly took hit up, and wente to the water syde and there he bounde the gyrdyl about the hyltes, and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght, & there cam an arme and a hande aboue the water and mette it, & caught it and so shoke it thryse and braundysshed, and then vanysshed awaie the hande wyth the swerde in the water. So syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe. Alas sayd the kyng helpe me heus for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe. Than syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and so wente wyth hym to that water syde; & when they were at the water syde, eugen fast by the banke houed a lytly barge wyth many fayr ladies in hit, & emonge hem al was a quene, and al they had blacke hoodes, and al they wepte and shryked when they sawe Kyng Arthur.

Now put me in to the barge, sayd the kyng and so he dyd softelye. And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng and so they sette hem doune, and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layd hys heed.

And yet how the charge would be drowned in shouts of derisive laughter; we allude particularly to the lines commencing:

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
* * * * * take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle meer;
Watch what thou seest and lightly bring me word:

to the lines describing the failure of Sir Bedivere twice to perform the king's behest, and the wrath of Arthur, who accuses the knight of betraying him for "the richness of the hilt," culminating in the threat:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands:

and to the exquisite verses:

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they come. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap, &c.

There can be no doubt that the general idea (and occasionally a verbal expression) is borrowed by the poet from the prose, but then what interest is paid for the loan! if legends be not rather the common property of all. In fact there is plagiarism and plagiarism; Virgil plagiarized and so did Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and it is a fortunate thing for the world that they did. Molière, on being charged with plagiarism, freely admitted it, adding, "Ou je trouve mon bien je le prends." What are the limits within which it is *justifiable*, we do not pretend to say; but it is quite certain that when it can in any way injure the original proprietor, or when the borrower thereby steals undeserved reputation, it is *injustifiable*. One can't ask permission of the dead: but we rather think Sir Thomas Malory would have been proud to be of any use to Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Tennyson must have felt that he was doing Sir Thomas, or rather the authors of the legends which Sir Thomas collected and translated, an honour. He has taken them up with him

as it were in his balloon, and so lifted them higher above the heads of common men than they could have risen by their own efforts.

We have not space to follow Mr. Marsh through all the extracts, with many a useful note and illustration, many an apt comment, and many a shrewd observation, which he has given, but we can heartily commend them to notice.

In congratulating us upon the fact that our tongue is almost free from what he calls the "unprofitable distinction of grammatical gender," Mr. Marsh takes occasion to point out "the confusion" caused thereby "in German, where 'Frauenzimmer,' woman, is neuter, and 'Mannsperson,' a male person, is feminine." We think he is rather unhappy in his selections, seeing that both words are compounds, and that in each word that part of it which Mr. Marsh seems to think should fix the gender is a genitive case dependent upon the other part of the compound, which, according to the usual rule in German, actually does fix the gender. It would have been more to the point to draw attention to the fact that the uncompounded *Weib* is neuter. Nor do we think it would have been amiss whilst he was upon the subject of gender, and was remarking as though it were a singular fact that "in German the diminutives are neuter without regard to sex," to have bethought him of *Σεραπίδης*, *τάττιδης*, *μυράζιος*, *κοσιδῖος*, and *κοσάριος*, *κ. τ. λ.*, which are certainly neuter, whatever gender that which refers to them may be made, and it is not necessary even in German to carry the neuter gender beyond that which is in immediate agreement, as may be seen from the lines,

Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr.
Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein
Da lag sie, u.s.w.

Moreover, to the instances in which *sun* is feminine, we think he might have added the German *Sonne* and the Dutch *Zon*; and to the instances in which *moon* is masculine, both the German *Mond* and particularly the Sanscrit *Chandra*, for *Chandra*, as a personification, is fabled to have been cut in two for conduct which none but a male could have been guilty of towards the wife of *Vrihaspati*. It struck us also (the more forcibly, perhaps, because we have suffered from our own ignorance upon the point) that, when treating of the plural termination *th*, which is supposed to have, from a difficulty in the pronunciation of it by the Norman-French element in our nation, been metamorphosed into *s*, Mr. Marsh might have said a few words upon cases where there appears to a modern to be a plural nominative followed by a singular verb, as in

Hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies,—

the last word being not a singular, but a plural. Again, Mr. Marsh gives us Piers Ploughman's derivation of *heathen* (which, by the way, we remember to have been taught to derive from *idios*) in the lines:

Hether is to mene after heeth
And untiled erthe,
As in wild wilderness,
Wexeth wilde beestes,
Rude and unresnable,
Rennynge withouten cropyng.

Would it not have been well to draw attention to the analogy existing in German, in which language "die Heide" means *the heath*, "der Heide," *the heathen*?

And, now, it is with much diffidence that we venture to accuse so learned, so deeply-read, and so critical a gentleman as Mr. Marsh of a common American vulgarity; but we rather think that the sentence "It is difficult for Englishmen and Anglo-Americans, who habitually speak much as they write, and write much as they speak, to conceive of the co-existence of two dialects in a people, one almost uniformly employed in conversation, the other almost as exclusively in writing," will recall to the minds of Mr. Dickens's readers "feel of my hands, young man;" though it would be perfectly correct to say we should not have conceived of Mr. Marsh that he would use the expression. We hope he will pardon us for hunting out this needle from its bottle of hay, and accept our sincere thanks for his really valuable work, of which we cannot take leave without saying that it is hardly creditable to Englishmen it should have been left to be accomplished by—honoured kinsman though he be—an American.

War Scenes: and other Verses. By "E. C." (Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1862. pp. 104.)—A collection of poetical pieces, the majority of which have already appeared in the columns of periodicals. Some of the pieces are decidedly above mediocrity.

Horse Warranty: a Plain and Comprehensive Guide to the Various Points to be Noted: showing which are Essential and which are Unimportant. By PETER HOWDEN. (Robert Hardwicke. pp. 160.)—A modern moralist has asked "How is it that there should be such a constant connection between swindling and that noble animal the horse?" We shall not attempt to reply to the question, but shall take it for granted that there is something in the question. Certain is it that every step towards the possession, the sale, or the use of a horse bristles with legal difficulty, and that the points of excellence upon which the "noble animal" is judged are as nothing in number when compared with the points of law which may arise about him. Here, however, within the convenient compass of a "handy book" Mr. Howden has collected all that it imports the seller or the purchaser of a horse to know respecting that darksome corner of law—the law of warranty; here may the horse-owner *in esse* or *in posse* learn all the mysteries of thrushes, open hoofs, broken knees, speedy cut, and "the thousand natural" or unnatural "ills that horseflesh is heir to."

TRAVELS OF THE MONTH.

Five Months on the Yang-Tsze; with a Narrative of the Exploration of its Upper Waters, and Notices of the present Rebellion in China. By THOMAS W. BLAKISTON, late Captain in the Royal Artillery. Illustrated from Sketches by ALFRED BARTON, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S. With Maps by ARROWSMITH. London: Murray. pp. 380.

China from a Medical Point of View in 1860-61. To which is added a Chapter on Nagasaki as a Sanatorium. By CHARLES ALEXANDER GORDON, M.D., C.B., Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Army Medical Department. London: John Churchill. pp. 464.

Through Algeria. By the Author of "Life in Tuscany." London: Richard Bentley. pp. 362.

Flindersland and Sturtland; or, the Inside and Outside of Australia. By W. R. H. JESSOP, M.A. London: R. Bentley. 2 vols. pp. 280, 322.

Lost among the Affghans: being the Adventures of John Campbell (otherwise Feringhee Bacha) among the Wild Tribes of Central Asia. Related by Himself to HUBERT OSWALD FRY. With a Portrait. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 342.

Ten Years in the United States: being an Englishman's Views of Men and Things in the North and South. By D. W. MITCHELL, formerly Resident in Richmond, Virginia. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 332.

WHAT IS THE CLASS OF BOOK which most recommends itself to the young, the daring, the inquiring mind? What but that which recounts the real or imaginary adventures of those who "go down to the sea in ships," or travel over the world in the pursuit of either knowledge, gain, or danger? Nor in the competition for favour are those which are founded on reality much behind those whose authors have given the reins to the imagination and have allowed their fancy to stray into the improbable. Bruce in Africa, Belzoni in Egypt, Lord Macartney in China, Will Adams in Japan, Columbus in America, and Captains Cook and Basil Hall all round the world are at least as interesting to the young and imaginative as Crusoe in his fabled island, Gulliver in Lilliput, or even the redoubtable Munchausen himself.

But if real travels are sometimes preferred by the young and imaginative, how much more should they be valued by reflecting persons who think it their duty to know something reliable about countries and peoples among whom they may never have the opportunity of travelling, but who may yet be injured and oppressed in their name and at their expense. It is astonishing the ignorance which prevails in this country as to other peoples, arising from the sheer want of reliable information about them, and the partial, imperfect, or absolutely fallacious information which is attainable. A very few instances will serve to illustrate this. In spite of its comparative proximity, and the facility of intercommunication, how many people in this country have sufficient information of the state of society and feeling in the United States to warrant them in the strong course which many are taking, and the no less strong opinions they are expressing with regard to the unhappy struggle which is just now so vitally important to our own national prosperity? How many have any real knowledge of the vast, and to us mysterious, empire of China? The Premier could get up in the House of Commons to excuse the miserable business of the lorcha by stigmatising the Chinese as barbarians, and there was no man who had the knowledge or the courage to tell him that that people was civilised, and had laws, science, and philosophy, ages before we were a nation, and that, in many important branches of manufacture, they are still our superiors. Who knows much of what is now being worked out in Australia, by the operation of those great laws whereby nations are organised? Who knew anything of the real character and disposition of the Affghans at the time when we were wickedly persuaded to send a noble army to be destroyed upon their soil? Who knew aught of the Crimea and of its importance to Russia when we sent the finest army that England ever equipped to seek its grave upon her shores? Ah! the crimes of ignorance. They are ten times more fatal to a people than the crimes of intention.

We do not mean to assert that the two thousand five hundred pages which the seven handsome volumes before us contain, will do more than a very small amount of service in clearing away the mass of error which cumbers the threshold of the national understanding. Something, however, they undoubtedly will do in that direction. That they will interest is certain, for we never remember a collection of travels of equal bulk which took such a wide and various survey of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We, of course, within the space at our disposal, can do little more than indicate a few of the leading points which they appear to suggest or develop.

Captain Blakiston's handsome volume is an important document in every way. The descriptions of social life in a little known part of China, and of the physical aspect of the countries through which he passed, are all interesting and curious, though evidently to be accepted with the seasoning of a great deal of salt. The evidence respecting the Taiping rebels (or, as he calls them, the Taipings), is, however, especially deserving of attention, if not of absolute credit. The expedition of the river Yang-Tsze was a private undertaking of Captain Blakiston, with Lieut.-Colonel Sarel (of the 17th Lancers), Dr. Alfred Barton (to whose graphic pencil the volume is indebted for its many excellent

illustrations), and the Rev. S. Schereschewsky, of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The Yang-Tsze is, like the Yellow River, one of the great arterial rivers of China. The great city of Nanking (recently the head-quarters of the Taipings), is situated upon it. Captain Blakiston and his friends ascended it for eighteen hundred miles.

At the very threshold of Captain Blakiston's book it is made clear that he started with a very unfavourable opinion of the Chinese. China, to his view, is a land of shams "from the government down to the religion"—a curious mode of arrangement certainly. "A myriad means 365; a Celestial is a liar, and the Central Flowery Land a myth." We are afraid, most excellent Captain, that China is not the only land where myths abound, nor are the Chinese the only people among whom shams are popular.

There is a long and interesting description of the Taipings and their "Heavenly King," which was furnished to Captain Blakiston by Mr. Forrest. A few extracts from this may be quoted:

A year or two ago the Taipings had many friends, particularly among Protestant missionaries, by whom they were looked on as Christians; but the bubble has burst on a nearer scrutiny, and now it is equally the fashion to abuse them. Foreign aid is solicited in destroying their power. . . . Although we cannot put our legs under the royal mahogany, we can listen to what the fellows outside tell us of the glories of the interior. His Sacred Majesty the Heavenly King is fifty-one years of age, tall, strong, and healthy. He will never die; but when tired of sublunar affairs a dragon-car will descend, and he becomes a guest on high. He has had many interviews with the Almighty, and according to his own proclamations this favour has lately been extended to his wife—I cannot tell you which out of the one hundred and eight, but probably the mother of the Junior Lord. None but women are allowed in the interior of the palace; and I have been told there are about a thousand of them. How they must talk! . . . I am not a missionary, and can consequently give only a lay opinion, which, however, is strong and well-founded, that Tien-wang's Christianity is nothing but the rank blasphemy of a lunatic, and the profession of religion by his followers a laughable mockery and farce. As a heretic, Tien-wang is the most incorrigible self-willed one I ever heard of. He has been talked to, written to, memorised, and addressed in all shapes and forms about the truths of Christianity, and he remains more stubborn than ever. Doses of orthodoxy have been carefully administered to him by foreign missionaries, but have not acted as was expected. Little doxologies and prayers have been furiously hurled at him, and he has swallowed them all. Dozens of Bibles have been presented to him without doing much good, although I believe he reads them. The opinions of the Fathers and of the councils have been sent him, and he has learnt his lesson so pat that he will overwhelm the next clerical gentleman who enters the lists with him with the opinions of Cyril, Augustine, and the other ancient fathers. He is most baffling in his arguments. The Pope would have had him burnt long ago. One day he yields a point, and then says his instructor is wrong. He finds new translations of the Bible, and none of our commentators would meet with his approval. He would spoil your best edition of Scott by scribbling his celestial opinions in red ink down the margin thereof. When everything else fails, he will tell you that he has been to heaven and you have not, and so "shuts you up."

There is a very sensible observation of Mr. Forrest which certainly deserves to be quoted:

Not being a clergyman, I have not looked at Taipingdom from its weakest side—its Christianity; but I must state that I see no hope of the Taipings becoming the dominant power in China, because they are simply unable to govern themselves, except by a species of most objectionable terrorism. But neither do I see any prospect of the Manchoos reinstating themselves in their former position. There is more or less rebellion (not always Taiping) in every province except one in China. Something will spring from this state of disorder to restore order, as has been the case a dozen times before in the empire. . . . As yet it is but the beginning of a chaos in which trade and commerce, prosperity and happiness, must for a time sink, but only to rise again more flourishing and glorious than ever. Heaven forbid that England, or France, should ever make confusion worse confounded by interfering in the internal struggle now raging! Things are governed in China by rules that we don't understand. The springs of vitality which have enabled China to trace her way through political convulsions as bad as the present, and to exist as a powerful empire through such a series of years, as makes our European dynasties look small enough, are not yet exhausted. It will be well to look at the present crisis in a broader light than we are inclined to at present, and see in it merely Chinese fighting Chinese, righting, or attempting to right, their injuries in their own peculiar way.

Introduce the word "may" into the prediction of future prosperity, and it is probable that these words contain something not very unlike the truth.

How strange must be the condition and how vast the extent of that empire which can be internally disturbed by more than one great rebellion and yet preserve almost all the outward appearance of prosperity and peace. When Captain Blakiston was on the Yang-Tsze, another rebellion was proceeding in the Sz'chuan provinces, and he professes to have ascertained that those rebels had nothing whatever to do with the Taipings.

That the Captain's views on the subject of religion are somewhat peculiar appears in his book *passim*, but never more remarkably than in this passage: "I will even go so far as to say that divine service performed in camp by a plain chaplain, in the open air, surrounded by men whose profession is that of blood and strife, has more effect on me than the most impressive of our cathedral services." As to the manner in which he and his companions behaved during their trip he gives us some very instructive and suggestive information. Upon one occasion, at the city of Chung-King, Dr. Barton (who seems to have preferred the *fortier in re* to the *suaviter in modo*) dismissed a Chinese soldier from on board their vessel by pitching him over into the river. Those who will reflect for a moment on what would be the consequence of a similar event taking place on board a Chinese junk anchored off Woolwich will not be surprised to hear that there was some reason to expect an attack upon the boat. No attack, however, was made upon the three Europeans, and they were not only permitted to land, but were received hospitably enough by the Governor of the city, whose

courtesy the Captain requites by recording of him that he "looked a thorough scoundrel." Of the Captain's own exploits one specimen will suffice. The Chinese are a people who highly regard the modesty and privacy of the female sex; but the gallant Captain had made up his mind, *coûte que coûte*, he would have a good stare at some of the Celestial beauties. He relates his adventures in this novel form of sport with infinite gusto:

When we landed for a walk on shore—and there were usually some of us walking ahead of the boats as they were being slowly tracked along—and showed any of our bearded faces in the vicinity of a farmhouse, or collection of cottages, the female portion of the population instantly "whiloed," as the term is in Canton parlance, that is, bolted off as hard as their little goat-like feet could carry them, and hid themselves in the innermost rooms of their dwellings. Sometimes I used to try and cut them off by a flank movement across the paddy-fields, but seldom succeeded, on account of the innumerable small ditches, and the narrow and winding nature of the paths between the little fields. . . . But it must not be supposed that my ethnological researches were always so unsuccessful, for I have in more than one instance hemmed a fair one in a corner, where, like a hunted pelican, she has stuck her head against a brick wall, and cried in the most bewitching manner; but after much entreaty, and a little force, I have managed to get a view of her countenance; the sight of that face, when in suppling mercy it should have been angelic was—oh, don't ask me! But they are not all quite so bad, and I have seen some very pretty faces in China; but China is a large country.

After this, we do not think that the gallant Captain has much reason to complain of the forbearance of these "barbarians," the Chinese.

Dr. Gordon looks upon China from a medical point of view, but also as an "army man," and as too many of his fellow-countrymen do. Being one of the medical staff which attended the expedition "sent out to avenge our disasters at the mouth of the Peiho," he attended the troops to Tein-Tsin, and appears to have remained there until the allied armies returned from Pekin. His ample volume contains a great deal of matter as to climatology, diseases, and the comparative endurance of natives, sepoys, and Europeans, such as will, doubtless, be of great service in taking measures to preserve the health of our troops if ever they should unfortunately be again employed in disintegrating the Chinese Empire and diverting the tea and silk trades from our own docks. His observations, however, apply occasionally to other matters. For example, in speaking of the relations which once subsisted between this country and the Chinese, he cites the case of those sailors of the East India Company's ship *Neptune*, who, in the year 1807, becoming "exasperated" at having some stones thrown at them by the mob, rushed at their assailants and killed a man, Dr. Gordon seems quite amazed that the English commander gave up the murderer to the Chinese authorities, by whom (be it noted *en passant*) he was mercifully spared. Perhaps Dr. Gordon does not recollect that not very long before that time a soldier in his Majesty's Foot Guards was hanged in London for taking a similar means of revenging an assault with stones made upon him as he was marching with his regiment through St. James's Park?

We can only note a few of the observations with which Dr. Gordon's volume is filled, though many of them are exceedingly interesting. He notes, for example, that the beggars of the north of China, where the climate is much more severe than in any part of England, although they go nearly naked, are particularly strong and sleek, and draws from the fact the following curious deduction:

One class of beggars who are to be seen in great numbers in the streets of Tien-tsin expose themselves during the coldest part of the year—while the thermometer ranges from below zero to 12° and 14° Fahr.—having no more clothing upon their persons than a few rags round their loins, and hanging down towards their lower limbs. What strikes us in regard to these men is that they are invariably young, strong, healthy, and "sleek" looking. How is it, we naturally ask, that they are able to withstand the great cold to which they voluntarily expose themselves? A cold so intense, that with the aid of furs, and warm clothing of various kinds, we ourselves had difficulty in preserving a moderate degree of warmth. That their health in no way suffers from their exposure is evident by their appearance alone; indeed, they of all the numerous objects who solicit our charity, are as a class the very one who least deserve it, for not one among them is not well able to earn his own livelihood by manual labour. Is it that by long habit of exposing their bodies thus to the elements, they become the better able to resist the great alterations that in this part of the world take place in the temperature and other conditions of the atmosphere? No doubt this must be so in a great measure, for what lends probability to the supposition is, that many races of men who use what we would consider very scant clothing, are nevertheless strong and healthy. Indeed, our own ancestors once upon a time were not overburdened with drapery, and yet I question if the ladies of old, who tattooed their bodies, and but very partially covered themselves by skins of animals, were not quite as healthy as their successors of the present day, who are partial to *acqua d'oro* and crinoline.

To this observation he adds, by way of corollary, that the Maori of New Zealand attribute their decadence to the introduction of European food and clothing.

On the return of the expedition, Dr. Gordon paid a visit to Nagasaki in Japan, and reports very highly of its climatic healthfulness. Indeed, apparently with a view to a succession of expeditions to the east, he recommends the establishment of a sanitarium there for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors in those climes. To do Dr. Gordon justice, however, he sees even more cogent reasons for the presence of British arms in those waters than the disturbance of the unfortunate Chinese. As to these, we shall allow him to speak for himself.

But this is not the only respect in which Nagasaki claims the attention of the authorities. The one to which I am about to allude does not certainly come within the province of a medical officer; but he does not necessarily walk about having his eyes in his pockets, any more than generals or admirals, and a geographical chart may convey to him as valuable information as to any person else.

Few people need now to be told that Russia has lately obtained an immense addition to her territories towards the mouth of the Amoor. In consequence, however, of the great severity of the winter in that latitude, egress for vessels to the ocean is not then obtainable; were that power to obtain possession of the Corea, docks, and building yards would speedily spring up there. It seems that from certain parts of that promontory vessels might proceed to sea at any period of the year. It, therefore, needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that in the event of such a contingency happening, many of our settlements in the east, and even nearer home, would be more or less at the mercy of the Muscovite.

"Through Algeria" is a lady's book, and the authoress, far from being an *unprotected female*, is evidently very well able to take care of herself. She needed no apology for her travels beyond that of her book itself, which is really very amusing and lightsome reading, and would have been better still, if she had wrestled with the vanity of introducing episodes of historical lore, which have no other effect than that of giving her pages weight without authority. Her observations, like the observations of many women, exhibit a mixture of shrewdness and flippancy. She has taken for granted almost everything she has been told; but, in spite of this tendency, her instinct often leads her right. As is the manner of Europeans, she has an air of decrying that noble race which built the Alhambra and bestowed upon Spain that legacy of art which she has ever since claimed as her own. They are indolent, because they smoke and drink coffee; they love ease, because they don't go tearing about the country upon all provocations or no provocation at all. Yet she is compelled to admit that "the Moor has an innate love of beauty. The colours of his dress are well assorted." The son of a race that could build the Court of Lions and the Hall of the Abencerrages ought scarcely to need such a compliment; yet it is something for him to win from a European traveller. But then again we speedily come upon the old stereotyped, nonsensical misinterpretation. Here is a diatribe about the condition of the Mahomedan ladies: "As long as she accepts the Koran as a rule of faith, she will unhesitatingly acquiesce in the mutilated life to which she is condemned; and if, in despite of this mighty influence, her mental faculties could be developed by education, she would probably purchase wisdom at a heavy price, galled by the bonds she is too weak to break, but whose weight she had learned to feel. Degraded by her religion into a toy or slave, a toy or slave she will continue as long as the name of Mahomed is revered by her race. But, prostrate as she lies, she yet takes ample vengeance for the injuries of which she is the victim; for, fatally sapping the native vigour of the Arab as well as of the Turkish race, she has doomed them both to stagnation and decay." We really should have thought that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's sketches of the inner life of Turkish women, imperfect as they are, would have rendered such fancy pictures as this impossible. The Eastern ladies, far from living an inactive, degraded life, really enjoy a most busy and influential existence; their seclusion is a privilege which they claim of the respect due to them by the other sex; from their point of view, the publicity which European women, on their part, enjoy, is the true hardship and degradation. As to her being degraded into "a toy and slave," it is well known to all who have any real knowledge of Eastern manners that nothing can exceed the respect, even the reverence, which surrounds the female sex. The Sultan himself would not dare to sit down in the presence of his mother; nor would the manners of his race permit him to pay a visit to his wife without sending for and obtaining her permission. As for the influence which they exercise, there are no countries in the world where the legitimate power of women is so strong as in Eastern countries. We have it upon authority which we do not doubt, that probably the most influential person in Turkey during the last three reigns has been a lady who has devoted herself to celibacy in order to give her undivided attention to affairs of State, and who has also acquired a considerable reputation as a poet of the very highest order. Our traveller, however, when among the children of the Desert, imagined that she was creating admiration from the fact of her travelling without her husband; when, in fact, she only was arousing wonder that a woman should so far step out of the position of her sex.

Seated on a carpet in the centre of a circle of Arabs, I did not scruple to try and entertain them, in spite of their grave demeanour, in a manner suitable to children; and, judging from the immense sensation my watch produced, I have no doubt that the marvellous little wheel which said tic, tac, and went round so merrily of its own accord, was a thing to be remembered and spoken of for many a day.

It is more than likely that if the lady could have understood what her hosts were talking about, she would have discovered that it was not the watch only which excited their surprise.

"Flindersland and Sturtland" is the work of a very eccentric pen. It may be that a certain amount of eccentricity may arise from the affectation of Carlylese observable in the style of the book; but some of it is also clearly due to the natural tendency of the author's mind. "Flindersland" is simply the coast of East and South Australia, explored by Mathew Flinders nearly a hundred years ago. "Sturtland" is that part of the interior of South Australia which was explored by Sturt. It is impossible to peruse two pages without having a suspicion of the peculiarities of their author. His opening chapter is "De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," not forgetting a very learned disquisition about "the wretched but inevitable law, that the $(n+1)^{th}$ species is born to have a mastery over, that is, the destruction of, the n^{th} species and all below it." Another passage from the same chapter will give a fair idea of the tone of much of the book. "The passage of time, as unruffled and as unvaried as the life of the Durham Dean, who got through sixty years with his wife without a breeze, can hardly be called happiness; it is the stupid existence of

the stalled ox. Dr. Johnson is known to have been unquiet; the sun had no surpassing glory for him, nor was he a spectator of the midnight heavens; the works of the Parent of Good, the universal frame, appear to have been as nothing; he did not see them, nor did he ever pray that the dark within him might be illuminated"—with much similar verbiage, to us quite unintelligible.

Mr. Jessop's opinions of men and things (Australian or otherwise) are, indeed, rather hard nuts to crack; but this we do not complain of so much as we do that, when they are cracked, they mostly turn out to have nothing in them. What, for instance, can any living creature make of his declaring that when he walks about a country he "always takes *backbones* if possible?" By force of a little examination, we discover that he means the line of ridges, or the vantage ground. Upon the social condition of South Australia he is enigmatically severe. The prime source of corruption is the Colonial Parliament. In his opinion "uncontrolled, licentious self-government has become a bane and a blast upon the land." What then would he have? Surely not Central Government in Downing-street? Of the local Parliament he gives a terrible account. "This baneful influence, originating from the Assembly, the centre of extravagant and random legislation, and culminating in the Government, the embodiment of wilful, and reckless, and careless principles, has spread over the whole colony, and pervades every place, person, and thing—every proceeding, as well private as public. It is a malignant disease, effecting the vitals; it lurks in the blood, and spreads like a leprosy over the whole visible surface. . . . In the whole body there is not a spot that is sound; 'from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrid sores,' chiefly the latter." The "chiefly the latter" is indeed, confusion more confounded. "There is," he adds, "Universal Suffrage: *respectable men mind their business and care not about their votes.*" Is there any sane man acquainted with South Australia who will endorse these opinions.

Of all the places in Australia, bad as they all appear to be in the eyes of Mr. Jessop, Melbourne is not the worst. "Melbourne is not virtuous, but it is decent." At Melbourne, Mr. Jessop was hospitably received by an old college friend, Professor Wilson, the principal of Melbourne University. With this gentleman he is in raptures, and if his language of obloquy be peculiar, that of eulogy is perhaps even more so. Professor Wilson "is a diamond of the first water;" he is also "most certainly a brick;" adding, by way of summing up, "In conclusion, therefore, my practical remark is this, that as Professor Wilson is a man most hospitable, so also must he be a man most godly. This is my firm opinion, notwithstanding that I did not find the *Record* in his lodgings." By this time, the reader will have had about enough of the eccentric Mr. Jessop.

We may at once frankly confess that "Lost among the Afghans" puzzles us. We are utterly at a loss whether we ought to place it at once side by side with the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen," or to regard it as a fiction founded on a certain small amount of truth. Give it an entire credence we cannot.

The reader shall judge for himself. The story of John Campbell, alias Feringhee Bacha (from whose lips this narrative is stated to have been taken down), was picked up by the Afghans on the field of battle, after a day of carnage during the fatal Afghan War, which sapped the foundations of Eastern Empire. He was adopted by the Afghans, and became one of them. At an early age the spirit of adventure seized him, and he set out upon his travels, which seem to have lasted about four or five years; during which he visited the most remote districts of Central Asia, encountering the most astonishing adventures, and performing the most marvellous feats; until eventually he happened to meet with the celebrated Mr. Charles Murray, of Teheran, who sent him to Bombay, where he was duly interrogated by Lord Elphinstone, and eventually sent to England.

On his arrival here he was placed at a small school at Brighton. His age on leaving India was estimated to be not more than eighteen. His personal appearance is described to be that of "a young man of somewhat foreign aspect, though with decidedly English features. . . . His stature is below the middle height, and he stoops considerably; this last being the natural result of much riding on horseback in the Afghan fashion, leaning forward."

How much of his story was believed by the authorities at Bombay who questioned him we do not learn. We certainly cannot believe the whole, perhaps not even the half of it. We are quite ready to admit that there are "more things in heaven and earth," &c., and that strange things may happen in strange places; but "John Campbell, otherwise Feringhee Bacha," taxes our credulity too strongly. Let us instance. In the first place, through all his travels he never was at a loss for language. Educated among the Afghans, his native tongue was Afghan; but with that and the Chutzoree language, which he subsequently learns, he gets on without the slightest difficulty among the Kafirs of Kashgar, the people of Badukshan, the Persians, and even the Russians. When about fourteen years old the following adventure occurred to him. He was travelling to Cafristan and was very hungry, and seeing some people at dinner, he went and helped himself. They objected, and the following scene took place:

I continued to act the madman, laughing and crying, and throwing dust in the air. I seized a stone and struck one of the Kafirs, then I fired my pistol. At last the terror of the people was so great, that it took a turn I had not calculated on. I saw one of the men preparing his bow to shoot at me, perhaps just to see if I were really a ghost. They dared not come into the cave to attack me, but I knew that their skill was such that if they should get an opportunity to let fly an arrow at me, I should stand no chance for my life.

I levelled my gun at the man who seemed most determined to shoot at me, and fired; the poor fellow fell, and also one of his companions who stood behind him; the rest of the Kaufirs fled in extreme dismay. I rushed out of the cave, and having cut off the heads of the men I had killed, I took away their bows and arrows. Having thus inspired a wholesome dread of me in the minds of the rest of the people, I returned to the cave and finished the meal which was left there.

The Kaufirs soon came back, and wished to carry off the bodies of their two comrades, but I would not allow it. I stayed for two days in the cave, for I was afraid to expose myself to the sure arrows of my enemies.

At last one of them ventured to approach, and as he made no show of hostility I told him to come near, for I would not hurt him; he did so, and several of the others soon joined him. I was as much afraid of them as they were of me, and we were at first very cautious.

I demanded what they had meant by threatening to shoot me, and they protested that they had no such intention. "Only that fool," said they, "whom you have killed, wished to do so." Then I told them not to fear me, for I would not hurt them if they treated me well. I told them I came from Europe, and I might as well have said I came out of the sky, for they had no idea of such a place. "I can tell you many wonderful things," I added, "if you will approach and listen quietly, but I will kill the first man who dares to attempt to injure me." They were all much interested in what I had to say, and we were soon the best of friends.

Shortly afterwards he was travelling with a caravan, when a friend, an Afghani, proposed to him to take a walk away from the caravan. He did so, and this occurred:

We travelled thus for some time, and my friend got a little in advance of me. He turned the corner of a rock and was hidden for a minute from my sight, when bang went a pistol, the report echoing fearfully among the mountains. Instantly I saw five or six Kaufirs start up in the path; one of them staggered and fell, but the rest made off. My friend rushed out from behind the rock and seized the poor fellow's bow and arrows. I asked why he had shot the man, and he said, "Oh, it was such a chance! There were six of them sitting talking together, and they never perceived me till I announced my presence with a bullet!"

Having entered the service of king of Kolob, he joined the artillery, and took lessons in the use of cannon from the gunners. One of the artillery-men, being jealous of him, invited him to take a walk, intending to murder him. The narrator was nothing loth, but took care to go armed, when the following adventure occurred:

He aimed his pistol at my breast, I struck up his arm, and he fired in the air. Enraged at being foiled, he closed upon me, at the same moment raising his dagger, and then plunging it in my side. He was too drunk to aim well, and the blade pierced only the thick folds of my cloak and vest. To make sure of his vengeance, he turned the broad blade again and again, to let out my heart's blood.

In the excitement of the struggle I knew not that I was unwounded, and with desperate energy I seized the broadsword that hung at the belt of my enemy, dashed it twice across his face, and swung it heavily down on to his shoulder. The keen blade, such an one as may only be found in these eastern countries, passed right through his body, coming out just above the hip. He staggered, and fell asunder, deluged in blood, and, horrid to relate, drunken curses mingled with the gurgling sound of the very fountain of blood which continued for some moments to well up from his heart. Then he lay dead before me.

There is an adventure among some naked necromancers near Talakan, which is so infinitely absurd that we do not care to quote it.

When he was at Kokan the Russians came against the place, and John Campbell escaped over to them. He asked the Russians if they knew anything of the English, and received for answer, "Oh, yes; there are some wild savages living in the jungles in Europe who are called English." We think we have now allowed Mr. John Campbell to tell enough of his own story to enable the reader to form an opinion of it.

Mr. Mitchell's book will be received with pleasure by those whose sympathies are in favour of the South. In his preface he very frankly tells his readers that he has lived so long in the States, and became so Americanised, that he ceased to be regarded or treated as a stranger or foreigner. What kind of American he became may be inferred from the fact that his home was Richmond. His opinions may be summed up into this sentence, that "the separation of the South from the North is not only natural but desirable; and that true liberty and real progress will suffer no drawback from the fact that such a Government as that now swayed by Abraham Lincoln is not destined to rule over the whole continent of America."

Mr. Mitchell's volume is filled with sketches of life and manners "down South." After what has been said, the reader will not be surprised at finding everything in "Dixie's" *couleur de rose*. The habit of questioning, at which "English travellers used to be much annoyed," is declared to be "a practice much to the stranger's advantage, since it allows him to question in return." The first night he spent in a slave-owner's house all his "preconceived notions of domestic life and manners among slaveholders were entirely falsified. The people amidst whom I had fallen, recalled to my mind 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Burns." After this, we ought not to be astonished that "it was not long before I felt instinctively that between them [the slaves] and the white men there was a difference." Even the spitting and chewing find an excuse if not favour in his eyes. They are simply "unpleasant ways of using tobacco," and "the Indian, the hunter, the sailor, the Irishman, and the American, with his over-excited nervous system, would never permanently indulge in so troublesome a practice, unless it were something more than mere custom or habit."

Never was such an apologist as Mr. Mitchell. He goes to a slave sale-room, and after seeing half a dozen of his fellow-creatures knocked down to the highest bidder, dismisses the matter with a reflection that "we soon get accustomed to strange things." He asks

the auctioneer the question whether, as he had read, Virginia was not a "slave-breeding State;" and, on receiving for answer—"Pooh! pooh! breeding be —" seems to have been perfectly satisfied with that cogent mode of reasoning. Although we have searched very carefully for some mention of those peculiar institutions—the Bowie-knife, the Derringer, and the knuckle-duster, we have found no mention of these by Mr. Mitchell. But we are persuaded that, if he had not unfortunately forgotten to refer to them, they would have been shown to be as admirable as the rest.

BRANDE AND TAYLOR'S CHEMISTRY.

Chemistry: By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, F.R.S., &c., &c., of Her Majesty's Mint, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, F.R.S., &c., &c., Professor of Chemistry at Guy's Hospital. London: John Davies. 1863.

A NY ONE AT ALL ACQUAINTED with modern chemical literature might have fairly anticipated that a new book on chemistry from the joint pens of Professors Brande and Taylor could hardly fail to be a good one. At all events, every English chemist or medical practitioner who has acquired his standing during the last thirty years must have made favourable acquaintance with some one of the former editions of the yet hale veteran Brande; whilst medical men of later date, and even Crown Court lawyers, are equally well acquainted with the work "On Poisons," and the "Medical Jurisprudence" of Dr. Taylor. In a word, it would be difficult to name two English chemists in all respects better fitted to produce a joint work on elementary chemistry than these two gentlemen. Our opinion rests not merely on the known competency of their knowledge, but almost equally on their peculiarly clear style of writing, and its freedom from verbosity—qualifications of the highest order in writers on any branch of elementary science. We frankly confess our anticipations were in this direction before opening the book, nor have they suffered any disappointment on its subsequent perusal.

To even the least informed general reader it is scarcely necessary to say that, since the publication of the first of the many editions of Professor Brande's own work on chemistry some thirty years have elapsed, and during this time, as we all know, every branch of chemistry has become vastly extended. Not that the philosophy of the science itself has undergone much recognised change, but the subsidiary facts have multiplied themselves at least a hundred fold. Hence a complete treatise, which at an earlier date might have been comprised within the compass of an octavo volume or two, now requires the exercise of considerable abbreviating art to compress it within twenty.

To such perfection is the art of compression carried out in the work of Gmelin—the most comprehensive of all modern chemical books—that a page of the very excellent English translation of any of its eighteen or twenty portly volumes—which the German author facetiously designates a "Hand-book"—looks as forbidding to the general reader, if not to the student, as one of a treatise on algebra. A work of this character, however, is only useful to the professional expert, as one for consultation.

The work whose title stands at the head of this notice is, in our estimation, the very *beau ideal* of what an elementary "Hand-book" on Chemistry ought to be, both as to size and the disposition of its matter. In short, it is a portable crown-octavo volume, containing some 900 pages of small, though not fatiguing print, in which the chemical student will find every important fact belonging to his science, not merely referred to, but clearly and succinctly stated, in the plainest language, and with the least possible use of symbolic formulæ. On the latter point, perhaps, we can hardly do better than let the preface speak for itself: "There are numerous books on the science, (say the authors) which occupy an intermediate position, some under the title of 'Elements,' treating the subject so profoundly as to alarm a beginner: while others are so filled with symbols, formulæ, and mystical language, as to conceal the great facts of chemistry in a haze of technicality."

This is quite true; nor can there be a doubt of the growing prevalence of this euphuistic pedantry among the younger and, as we have generally found, the less philosophical class of chemists—now so abundantly broadcast from the modern schools of this country and of Germany. If the great author of the atomic theory could but see how much his discovery has been made to administer to the malapert pedantry of the new-school professors of the science he did so much for, his rest would hardly be an undisturbed one, for by no one was this "flinging about" of algebraic symbols and formulæ, on every petty occasion, more disliked than by Dalton. We can well remember sitting near him at one of the earlier meetings of the British Association, when a man of the new school, rushed—chalk in hand—to the "black board," to demonstrate a position he had undertaken to support, and nearly filled it with a hieroglyphical maze of symbols and figures in a shorter time than it would have taken most to transcribe it. Dalton, turning to his well-known trusty follower, Peter Clare, who sat next him, exclaimed, loud enough to reach the ear of the writer: "Ah, Peter, when I introduced these figures and signs into chemistry I never intended them to be used where plain language would answer the purpose far better." Curiously enough, in the course of the following day's sitting, the position of our friend of the black board—now no more—was found to be incorrect; but he had so clouded it within a symbolic haze as to render his error not readily demonstrable.

At the same time, we are far from saying that in a work of the purely professional character, of Gmelin, the use of formulæ is unnecessary. On the contrary, these substitutions not only occupy less space in themselves, but at once give us the received composition of the bodies indicated, without which every practical effort in advance would be made in the dark. But it is their wholesale use in elementary teaching to which we, with the authors before us, so much object; and equally the perversion of the system itself, in so-called elementary works, in which the authors seem to seek distinction more in the propagation of a new theory, than by study and close labour in the laboratory. Besides which, nothing can be less fair to the student than to combine with his elementary teaching new theoretical views, which, however plausible in themselves, when not stamped by general adoption, are liable to be upset to-morrow.

On this head we cannot do better than cite another passage from the preface of Professors Brände and Taylor:

We see no reason for adopting an esoteric method of dealing with this science. On the contrary, it appears to us that, without departing from the true objects of chemistry, its facts admit of explanation in a form intelligible to any educated man. It is not necessary to the progress of this science that its language should change with every new theorist. The numerical value of atoms and volumes is not of so much importance to a student as a correct description of the properties and uses of the substances which they represent. On this part of the subject much labour seems to have been wasted by certain writers. They have, apparently, been engaged in working out an idea, and seeking for some Utopian standard of perfection in a new system of notation; but, in endeavouring to settle contested points on a firmer basis, they have incurred the risk of unsettling everything. Thus, instead of pursuing the inductive method and fitting the hypothesis to facts, they have introduced a deductive system, by which facts are made to bend to hypothesis; and the elementary compositions of bodies is altered in order that they may correspond to certain artificial types. There is an old French proverb, which it may be well to bear in mind, in reference to this practice: "Quand la nature dit que telle chose est, et l'homme dit que telle chose n'est pas, il faut en croire la nature."

By the judicious omission of the prefatory history of chemistry, which occupies so considerable a portion of all the editions of Professor Brände's own work, room is found in the present portable volume for every valuable fact necessary for the student to know. This applies equally to the organic as well as to the inorganic departments of the science. Not only is this so, but we have most kindred facts of natural philosophy and optics, clearly, though not copiously referred to. In short, we know of no volume in all respects so well fitted to meet the wants of the student, or even the man of education who wishes to acquire, or to keep up his knowledge of this important science.

A NEW NOVEL.

The Two Catherines; or, Which is the Heroine? Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. pp. 312, 327.

THIS NOVEL is so very far above the average of its class, that we cannot deny it the honours of a separate analysis. "Pleasant and not untruthful;" "light, sparkling, but superficial;" "will serve to amuse the idle reader on a rainy day;" these are the phrases which flow naturally to the point of the pen when we have to record a verdict upon nine-tenths of the so-called novels which come within our ken. *Novel?* What is there in them that is novel, we should like to know? Faded old fantoccini, dressed up in second-hand clothes, and uttering faded, worn-out sentiments—such, for the most part, are what the vast majority of fiction-spinners inflict upon us, and call them their *creations*.

How different the work before us! and yet how puzzling! The title-page leaves the identity of the author as dark as a mystery of Eleusis. Rumour (vague and uncertain as a summer breeze) has whispered in our ear that we are indebted to a lady for this book. The book itself is as mysterious as the title-page. We defy the acutest analyser of the human mind to prove from internal evidence that the author belongs to the weaker sex. Not that there is anything unfeminine about it, or anything that a genuine but refined, delicate but—shall we say it?—strong-minded woman may not have written; but there's not a bit of love in it from the beginning to the end. Think of that for an "intrinsic fact!" Of course the sickly preference of Catharine Augarde for that consummate scoundrel Mr. Patrick Lynch is not to be accounted love. Just imagine the difficulty of keeping up the interest of a tale in which there are not less than two heroines without a single throb of the genuine passion. But it is done. Another very masculine symptom is the presence of a great deal of real learning, not boastfully and pedantically put forward, but in a quiet, natural, unpretending way, like the familiar gossip of one of Bacon's "full minds." Genuine learning of the historical and of the literary sort; as, for example, those life-like sketches of the manner of life led by Johnson and Goldsmith and their friends; and, again, such allusions as those to the cunning carving of the old Nuremberg craftsman (vol. i., page 2), and to the true history of Pope's weeping willow (page 7). But it is time we said something of the story itself.

Two infant children are abandoned at the gate of a well-to-do gentleman-farmer or squire, whose house stands near a hamlet not very far from Litchfield. Mr. and Mrs. Noble take the infants in. The lady is childless, but from a jealous feeling does not consent at once to adopt the children. They are therefore handed over to the tender mercies of the workhouse; not, however, for long. Shortly better feelings prevail, and Mr. Noble goes to fetch the children, but finds, to his disappointment that Kate, the little girl, has been reclaimed by

a woman representing herself to be her aunt, and has removed her to London. All traces of Kate are lost; but Mr. Noble takes the boy Peter home with him, and he is brought up as if he were his own child. Years rolled on, and Peter drew near the magic age of twenty-one; when, one morning, a letter is brought to Chorley Hall, imparting the agreeable intelligence that an uncle of the deserted children has died in the West Indies, and has left them a very handsome fortune to be divided between them. All this happens about the Year of Grace 1761. So Peter goes up to London to seek after his sister Catharine, or Kate, of whom nothing has been heard for years past. And now the turmoil of the story commences. Peter falls in with very various acquaintances in the Great Metropolis. He sees, and has even the honour of dining with Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, at whose table he has the honour of meeting with such small wits and unimportant personages as Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. David Garrick, and others. He has even the honour of being severely rebuked by the great lexicographer himself. He also meets with a designing scoundrel named Patrick Lynch, who, on learning the errand he has come to town upon, very basely tries to impose upon him his sweetheart, a certain Catherine Augarde, as his lawful sister. The deception, however, only lasts for a time. The genuine Catherine Foster turns up eventually in the shape of a "poor but virtuous" young milliner, who who has suffered cruel persecution during a considerable part of the story, which ends, of course, with the discomfiture of Mr. Lynch and the fictitious Catherine, and the happy return of Peter and the genuine Catherine to their friends, the Nobles of Chorley Hall.

So far the story. Let us now give the reader a few specimens of the style in which the novel is written. The first introduction to Dr. Johnson is when Peter goes with Mr. Noble to take the Lichfield coach for London:

A little apart from Peter's friends stood a bulky uncouth-looking man of almost gigantic stature. His whole appearance was slovenly in the extreme: he was dressed in a suit of rusty black, which looked as if it had never been touched by a clothes-brush; a pair of coarse black-worsted stockings hung loosely over his brawny calves—muscular and strong enough for a drayman. He wore a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and had seemingly been in use half a century at least. Over one arm hung a heavy grey roquelaure, large enough to cover two moderate sized men. In the other hand was a stout oaken stick, notched and divided into feet and inches.

On seeing this gentleman, Mr. Noble slightly raised his hat, saying, —

"Good morning; I hope I see you well."

"As well, sir," was the answer in a deep, sonorous voice, "as a man can be who is forced to leave his bed before he has had his fill of it. But, sir, a man should accustom himself to these casualties, otherwise his constitution will be unable to bear the inroads time will naturally make upon it; nevertheless, I hate to have my rest broken at this early hour of the morning."

"And yet, sir, you have written much upon the advantage and profitableness of early rising."

"True, sir, but no man practises so well as he preaches. I have all my life long, whenever the opportunity was afforded me, laid in bed till noon; yet still I tell all young men—and I tell them with sincerity—that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good either for himself or his neighbours."

"But you are yourself a living contradiction of that sentiment," returned Mr. Noble. "The old adage says that 'practice goes farther than precept,' you have proved that to be wrong."

"There is no rule, sir, without an exception, and I have proved myself to be wrong, that's all. But here comes the coach—you may command my services, sir, if I can be useful to you in the metropolis."

"If you will kindly look after my young friend here, who is going to London for the first time, you will particularly oblige me," said Mr. Noble.

"Umph!" bending his shaggy brows on Peter, "your young friend looks strong enough, able enough, and old enough to take care of himself; but so far as he may require my direction, I shall readily give it. Your servant, sir—I wish you a very good morning." Saying which, Mr. Samuel Johnson (for it was no other than the great lexicographer himself) prepared to enter the roomy stage-coach, made to hold six passengers, though hardly six such Brobdingnagians as himself. Before, however, his foot could touch the steps, he was saluted by a gentleman, dressed in the height of the fashion, who had jumped from the coach-box, almost at a leap, and shook him warmly by the hand, saying,—

"Rambler as you are, I little thought to see you here at this hour of the morning. But I did think of you—for when I saw the spire of the cathedral yonder, I remembered I was approaching the nursery of morality and wisdom."

"What, Beau, you dog! is it you? Come in here, there's plenty of room."

"Though I am proud of being your dog, and would even consent to be collared by your garter," returned Topham Beauclerk, laughing, "yet I can't consent to duraste vile in such a kennel as this. There's scarcely room to grow in it; and if I wanted to turn tail, I couldn't—you might muzzle me before I was aware of it. You'd better come up on the box, where you can enjoy the fresh air and the delights of my conversation."

The account of the dinner at Goldsmith's is excellent. We regret that we can only quote part of it:

There was some little difficulty in arranging the party, and some hearty bursts of laughter as each struggled to his appointed place; and not a little pleasant quizzing of the amiable host, upon his domestic difficulties: but his laugh was the heartiest of them all. Garrick was placed between Johnson and Goldsmith, and Hogarth suggested a picture thereupon.

"A capital arrangement," he exclaimed. "Look, Reynolds, take him as he sits—you can kill two birds with one stone: pay an immortal compliment, a kind of trinity and unity, to three friends in one. Let Davy figure in the sight of posterity as the Spirit of Genius between Tragedy and Comedy."

"I would rather represent him as the embodiment of both. Believe me, I shall never do myself more honour, or posterity a greater benefit, than when I handle my brush in the service of our old friend Garrick. If he will permit me, I will begin to-morrow."

"Many thanks, my dear friend," he answered, "but I believe posterity will do me greater credit than even your accomplished pencil. You can but paint me as I am, posterity will clothe me in all the bright hues of imagination; perhaps blend my memory with the heroes I have represented, and endow me with many perfections, of which I possess not one. No, no; posterity shall

never behold David Garrick a lifeless nonentity, framed, glazed, and hung up to please the ignorant or gratify the curious."

"I am sorry you are so determined," replied Mr. Reynolds, "as I should like you to sit to me amazingly."

"No, sir—no sitting; I'll stand by my friend, but sit to my bottle."

"And folk do say you sometimes sit too long to it, eh, sir?" chuckled Mr. Freeman.

"Ah! that's a mere matter of opinion," he answered. "I can generally find my way home with the help of the watch; and I never remember to have been carried home in a wheelbarrow."

"I hope the habit of excess in drinking will soon die out," rejoined Mr. Freeman, who had been waiting to flavour the conversation with the essence of morality; "it is quite frightful to think of the amount of money which is spent yearly in this country for spirituous liquor only, and after all it is of no real benefit to anybody; it robs the rich of their intellect and health, and the poor of their daily bread."

"I am no advocate for drinking," replied Johnson; "for many years I abstained entirely from strong drink; yet I can quite understand that to a poor man it may be a great temptation, for it brings him a temporary forgetfulness of sorrow."

"That is bad morality, sir," said Mr. Freeman; "it is by no means desirable to forget an existing evil; better teach the poor to bear it, or seek to cure it."

"For my part," exclaimed Oliver Goldsmith, "I am in favour of moderate drinking; wine increases conviviality, warms and exhilarates a sluggish nature, and gives a modest man courage to converse freely. It is a kind of key to general conversation; it opens the mind, and lets the thoughts and words flow freely."

"Nay, sir, it is a moral picklock; it forces the mind and injures the contents."

"And yet," said Goldsmith, "I have known many dull fellows brightened under the influence of wine, and become quite pleasant companions."

"There may be such sluggish natures," exclaimed Johnson, "as there are some fruits that are not good until they are rotten."

"But, sir," exclaimed Mr. Reynolds, "there is an old maxim in favour of drinking—*In vino veritas*, drunk men speak truth."

"That would be an argument in its favour, sir, if all men were supposed to be liars; but I would not keep company with a man who was never true unless he was driven out of himself. Drinking is a great vice, and there can be nothing said in extenuation of it."

"Well," exclaimed Goldsmith, "all things, even virtue itself, if carried to excess, will degenerate into vice; but if there is one vice greater than another, which I abhor most of all, it is that which I have often heard you defend—gambing. The drunkard, I use the coarsest terms, ruins only himself; the gambler ruins his neighbour, or is ruined by him."

"You animadvert with great severity upon the sin of gaming, but without sufficient cause," said Johnson. "Those who require exciting amusement, and can afford to pay for it, fly to the gaming table, and they have a right to indulge their humour."

"Oh," replied Goldsmith, "if gaming were practised merely as a gentlemanly amusement, it would be very well; but unfortunately it has become a kind of science, a kind of trade, and a most dishonest one, I think; where the ignorant and unwaried too often become the victims of the astute gambler, who understands every trick and turn of the dice, and so defrauds his neighbour."

"You have no right, sir," answered Johnson, "to stigmatise as dishonest, a man who by skilful science triumphs over his adversary."

"If skilful science is exercised against no skill at all, it is dishonest," replied Goldsmith. "An experienced gamester has no right to play with one who has no experience at all. Would a man who was a dead shot be justified in putting himself against one who had never fired a pistol?"

"Sir, you will hang yourself with your own arguments," said Johnson. "I did not speak of it as a matter of right, but I maintain that it is not robbery for a skilful man to win the money of an ignorant one; the loser is a fool to engage in an unequal contest, but the winner is no rogue. As for ruin, sir, there are more men ruined by adventurous trade than by deep play. Gambling is an ugly word for a game of chance; when you condemn that, you stigmatise the whole race of stockbrokers and traders, and their name is legion."

As the wits are thus pleasantly engaged a visitor is announced to Goldsmith:

His visitor on the present occasion was a rather short, thick-set man, with rough, wiry, red hair, and a profusion of beard and whiskers of the same colour. He wore a rough drab coat, knee breeches of dirty, faded plush, and a cocked beaver hat considerably the worse for wear. He shot a quick, keen glance upon the company, exclaiming,—

"Sorry to intrude upon such a remarkable pleasant party, but pray which of you fine gentlemen be called Goldfinch?"

"My name is Goldsmith," answered the host; "but whatever your business may be you chosen a wrong time to present yourself."

"Very likely; but when a man comes arter his own he don't often come at the right time. Axin' your pardon, gentlemen, but you've all been feastin' at my expense, and don't seem inclined to make a return of that same."

"Feasting at your expense!" exclaimed Goldsmith, interrupting him, angrily;

"whiv, fellow, I never saw your face before."

"Pr'aps not, for you play with a weaker vessel. Set one petticoat to gammon another. Fact is, gentlemen, I've set up in a straight for ard ready-money concern, and the consequence is I don't get much patronage from gents of this prescription"—he jerked his head towards Goldsmith as he spoke—"for they're slippery as eels. Billingsgate don't produce none sich; but that's neither here nor there. As I was sayin', I made a blind bargain last week, and got my eyes open only this morning. Well, I left my wife in custody of a fine set of fish as ever lived on dry land, and a pretty kettle of fish she made of 'em—everythin' went wrong, it always does when a woman rules the roast; and whenever I goes out and leaves my wife master, I'm sure to be put out as soon as I comes in."

"And you stand a very good chance of being put out here," exclaimed Goldsmith.

"Oh," rejoined Hogarth, rather enjoying the scene, "perhaps he's come to accuse us of eating his fish."

"Azackly," replied the intruder, approvingly, "but I'm coming to that. Seem's my back was no sooner turned than in walks a deluderin' female, and wi' lots of fine flourishing words circumvented my orders, victimised my wife, and carried off a full-grown turbot, as fine a fish as ever lived on the Lord Mayor's table, or was buried in the bowels of an alderman. Well, as I said afore, it's agin my system to trust, specially a woman, so I comes purlily arter my property, and the first thing I see is the skeleton of my own fish walking downstairs picked clean as whistle. Now, I ask you, gentlemen, was that a pleasant sight? Would any man like to see his own skeleton? Certainly not—and feeling rather riled at the same, I stepped up to ax for the money, one pun' ten, and cheap too, for gentlemen as sets up a turbot and lobster sauce, ought to be able to come down wi' the cash—one pun' ten, sir, at your pleasure."

He advanced and held out his hand to Goldsmith, who was quite taken aback by the sudden demand upon his purse, surprised at the cool impudence of the intruder, and vexed and humiliated at being exposed before his friends. Determined, however, to put a bold face upon the matter, with stern authoritative voice he ordered the fellow from the room, saying at the same time that "he had taken a most unjustifiable mode of asserting his claim, but that he would call and settle in the morning, and should in future bestow his custom on more civil and worthy dealers."

"Shan't envy 'em, I'm sure!" snarled the intruder, "no man never gets rich by them as don't pay, and everybody knows sich is Mr. Goldfish. But don't aggravate yourself into a passion, sir—you'll bust; though I must say I didn't expect to see sich bad manners in sich good company, considerin' you've eaten my capital, preyed upon the very vitals of my wife, and as lovely a pair of soles—I mean twins—as ever bore the name of Christians, and never ask me so much as to drink my own health and better luck next time, which I'm quite willing to do!"

He looked as if he meant to do so without any further invitation, but the company rose from the table, and Goldsmith started up in a great rage, exclaiming—

"Scoundrel! leave the room this instant, and save me the trouble of throwing you out of the window."

His friends restrained him, or his rage might have got the better of his reason. At this conjuncture, Johnson threw the money upon the table, exclaiming,—

"Pay the fellow, and end this disgraceful scene at once. It must be as humiliating to you as it is painful to us."

"Taint no good payin' 'ee," said the man, lowering his voice, and pointing significantly down stairs, "there's lots more on us below. One is a tailor—awful damages—I see that very smart weskit tucked at the tail of the bill!" . . .

"Take up your money, sirrah, and begone," exclaimed Johnson: "while Mr. Goldsmith was in your debt, you claimed the right to insult him with your words, and us with your presence; now begone—take your hang-dog visage from our sight!"

"Them's very hard words," replied the fellow, in an injured tone; "but I'll make you eat 'em every one, like a string of Epping sausages."

Before anyone had time to speak, or even to think, the bushy brows disappeared, the wig and beard fell to the ground, and the laughing merry face of David Garrick glanced round upon the company. A change like a shock of electricity swept over the spirits of all present; peals of laughter, mingled with half-serious upbraiding, greeted his transformation. But Goldsmith looked really hurt. Garrick, perceiving this, pressed his hand warmly, and said, with his winning, irresistible smile—

"The wits have said that your 'Good-natured Man' is a mere chimera, the ideal of a dreamer; but I have proved to-night that he is but a poor embodiment of yourself, for you have not only the good nature to excuse your friend's follies, but to pardon them when they hit your own."

"Ay, but you hit very hard, Davy," replied Goldsmith, the cloud fading from his brow beneath Garrick's bright, sunny smile; "you are so used to play with human nature, that when play ends and reality begins you treat her roughly."

"Eh, Davy, you dog," exclaimed Johnson, who enjoyed a practical joke when it was not pointed at his own dignity; "you've played a bold game, and won the trick."

We hope it will not be long before we hear again of the author—or authoress, as the case may be—of "The Two Catherines."

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH LOCKE.

The Life of Joseph Locke, Civil Engineer, M.P., F.R.S., &c. By Joseph Devey. London: Richard Bentley. 8vo. pp. 356.

IN MR. DEVEY, Joseph Locke has found a biographer at once judicious and enthusiastic, his enthusiasm never betraying him beyond the strict line of history, and his imagination playing no unjustifiable antics to entrap a reading public. It is only in the hands of such a writer that anything worth reading could have been made out of the life of Joseph Locke. He was a hero, but not one of those heroes which the world is prone to worship; he made conquests, but his conquests were made with the spade and pick-axe, and not with the sword; he was an invader, but his invasions were the invasions which gave prosperity and not desolation. It was possible to write a dry book concerning such a hero, but Mr. Devey has produced one replete with interest. His narrative never flags, and we find ourselves getting wiser at every page about coal mines, and steam and steam-engines, tram-roads, gradients, and locomotives, and the merits of the "Battle of the Guages," and who lost and who won in the contest. Even the statistical information is to be got over without a yawn. In short, the author, while penning the biography of Joseph Locke, has presented us with an epitome of the history of the steam-engine, and one of the most compendious accounts of the rise and progress of railways which it has ever been our good fortune to meet with told so agreeably.

The father of Joseph Locke, named William, at the time of his birth held the situation of manager of a coal-mine. He had formerly been banks-man, coal-viewer—all his life long was connected with mining, and once employed at the same pit in which worked the celebrated George Stephenson, with whom he was on the most intimate terms during his life. William Locke was an industrious, frugal, conscientious man, rather dogmatical, but generous, brave, and hospitable, and his son Joseph, his sixth child, and the young-est of four sons, appears to have inherited all his good qualities. Stephenson, when he was a prosperous man, wrote a characteristic letter to his old friend William Locke, the result of which was a meeting:

Doubtless, the scenes enacted at the old Water-row Pit were gone through over again; and how the time elapsed since they parted there would be minutely accounted for. Each had to tell of rare struggles; one had to tell of rare success, and was already in receipt of an income which to the other seemed enormous wealth. And when as much was awed, "I'll tell you what, Locke," was the answer, "when I was making three shillings, I thought myself a very clever fellow; but when I got among the engine folk, and could earn three guineas a day, I could na' put my mooth in order to ask it."

Joseph Locke was born at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, on the 9th day of August, 1805. From the anecdotes told of his infancy and youth time he must have been an active little fellow, full of fun, fond of practical jokes, and teasing his sisters, with whom, notwithstanding, he was a great favourite, as he had always a good story to tell them. "Joseph had often a good thing to say, and said it, when his father thought and told him he had much better hold his tongue. His stories were frequently regarded by such a severe disciplinarian as mere childish impertinence. He was often reprimanded for this excess of spirit, and on more than one occasion had to submit to being sent out of the room with the stern remark that he was really 'too forward and positive for anything.' William Locke might have remembered, without any acquaintance with Horace, that eagles do not usually hatch doves." Joseph had a good thing to say to the end of his life.

At the proper age Locke was sent to Barnsley Grammar School, where he received more kicks and cuffs from the pedagogue than learning. From school, at the age of thirteen, he was sent out into the world. At this early age he was proud and ambitious without, perhaps, knowing it. His first situation he left because he scorned to ride daily to the post with the letter-bag across his shoulders; a second, in an architects' office, he left, because he was too proud to rock the baby's cradle; a third, at Porter and Co.'s Colliery, he would probably have left, on account of having to "lead" coals, if George Stephenson had not opportunely turned up. It was at the interview, already mentioned, where young Joseph attracted the attention of the rising engineer. The result was that he entered the office of the latter, served three years for nothing, and at the end of that term became his assistant upon a salary of 100*l.* a year. These three years were usefully employed. To a practical knowledge of mechanics gained in the workshop he added a sound knowledge of mathematics and the physical sciences, obtained with great effort and under great discouragement, at his leisure hours. He had, however, an ambition, and persevered. The pupil afterwards, in some respects, outstripped the master, and this led to a painful difference between the two, and to their ultimate separation.

Stephenson was a grand mechanical genius, but limited rather in his views and theoretical knowledge. He condemned stationary railway engines which Locke approved of. Locke's specifications and estimates for the Grand Junction Railway were approved of by the directors and against the judgment of Stephenson, and in the end he was appointed assistant engineer on that line. He was next appointed engineer to the Sheffield and Manchester Railway, and afterwards engineer to the Preston and Lancaster. His fame had now gone abroad, and his services were engaged on many important railway undertakings in Scotland, England, France, Holland, and Spain.

As already stated, Mr. Devey, in the life of Joseph Locke, has given us the history of railways from their origin to the present year. Any epitome of this history we could offer would necessarily be unsatisfactory, and we must, therefore, refer the reader to the volume itself. In the course of this history we are introduced to the names of many celebrated inventors. The episode of poor Trevethick is feelingly told, and the career of Thomas Brassey, the great contractor, is a biography in itself. The great object of Locke was to make railways "pay." He was opposed to expensive works and expensive and showy buildings. He went direct to his object, taking always the nearest practicable cut. It was thus that he was opposed to the broad gauge, and avoided viaducts and tunneling as much as possible. His sound knowledge, accurate estimates, unerring judgment, and thorough conscientiousness inspired the confidence of directors and shareholders, and made all his enterprises fertile in good results.

Mr. Devey places the private life of Locke before us in an amiable light. He was social and generous to a degree. The author appears to have been placed in a position which enabled him to appreciate the character of the great civil engineer thoroughly.

His wonderful success had arisen from the application of means to ends. Ends for which the means were not forthcoming had for him at any time but an evanescent interest, and sometimes no interest at all. How best to do something that wanted doing at once was the problem he most cared to solve. He enjoyed the peculiar character of a conflict with what we call inorganic matter. That passive submission to storm and sunshine which, even under the most favourable application of agricultural and chemical science, must be conceded by the cultivator of the soil, that waiting upon the seasons, that taking of time and silent growth into partnership with manual labour, would have irritated his active and monarchical mind. In the execution of the great undertakings of his manhood, it had been one continuous battle against time and growth, in which he could not afford to let them have a moment's truce. True meant victory to them, to him disaster. A holiday meant the collection of water and the caving in of a tunnel side. Waiting upon Providence terminated in breach of engagement. He had been accustomed always to see his enemy and always to have one. He could never have sat quietly down and watched the barometer. He had been accustomed to obstacles enough; but they were obstacles he could compel, or at any rate encounter.

Our space will not permit us to make further extract from this valuable biography. Joseph Locke died rather suddenly on the 16th September, 1860, having just entered his fifth-sixth year. The melancholy news spread rapidly. "To quiet English sea-side, to gay German spa, to the clubs and 'Changes of northern towns, to the squares and balconies of southern cities, went the melancholy tidings, stalking sombrely in upon the autumn pleasures of hundreds who had known and loved Joseph Locke, and who had thought his life the best life among them all."

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

OF BOOKS INTENDED FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES we have received a very learned pamphlet on *The Hebrew Tenses Illustrated from the Original Text of the Old Testament*. By ROBERT YOUNG. (Edinburgh, London, Dublin, and New York: A. Fullarton.)—The author has also produced a new translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and other Biblical and Oriental works.

Euclid, for the Use of Schools and Colleges; comprising the First Six Books and Portions of the Eleventh and Twelfth Books; with Notes, an Appendix, and Exercises. By J. TODHUNTER, M.A., F.R.S. (Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. pp. 384.)—The principle of arrangement here adopted is to make each distinct assertion begin a new line (according to the plan recommended by Professor De Morgan); and at the ends of the lines are placed the references to the preceding principles on which the assertions depend. To the text are added some judicious notes, exclusively geometrical. There is also an appendix, with propositions supplemental to those in Euclid, and the work finishes with a collection of exercises.

The Musical Student's Manual: containing the Essential Elements of Musical Knowledge, and a Succinct Guide to the Reading of Vocal Music; with Copious Examples and Exercises. By THOMAS MURRY. (Groombridge and Sons. pp. 220.)—This is as handy a little musical manual for beginners as we have seen. The elements of the theory are explained in clear and telling language, and the exercises are good and not too difficult.

The Orator's Guide; or, the Practice and Power of Eloquence. By J. ANTROBUS. (Longmans. pp. 138.)—A serviceable treatise on elocution; combining an excellent explanation of theory with well-selected models for practice. It may be recommended to those who have the instruction of the young, and who wish them to understand the art of eloquent speaking. The author deserves especial credit for the judicious manner in which he has selected his examples; always keeping in view the propriety of setting before the young examples of Christian virtue.

Short and Easy French Readings for Little Folks (from four to six years old), in the Nursery and out of it, Teaching French by Practice or Oral. By L. F. DE PORQUET. (Simpkin and Marshall. pp. 182.)—The title-page explains the purpose of this pretty little lesson-book, and the book itself excellently fulfills the purpose so explained.

A Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages. By LEON CONTANSEAU. (Longmans. pp. 620.)—This is a careful abbreviation by M. Contanseau of his larger and well-known work. It is handy to the traveller, and cheap to the poorer class of students. We have compared it with a pocket dictionary formerly in use, and have discarded our old companion on account of the vast and incontestable superiority of M. Contanseau's work.

Solutions of Questions in Arithmetic by First Principles. By W. M'LEOD, F.R.G.S. (Longmans. pp. 108.)—This is a mode of teaching arithmetic by reason rather than by rule, and is, in our opinion, greatly to be preferred to the parrot-like system generally in vogue.

CHRISTMAS AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS

STILL CONTINUE TO MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE upon our table. Here are two dear little editions—"dear" only in the affectionate sense, for (between ourselves and the purchasers) they seem to be remarkably cheap—of *Gulliver's Travels*, by one Jonathan Swift, and *Robinson Crusoe*, by a certain Daniel Defoe. These are published by Messrs. Longmans, and are nicely printed, illustrated, and bound.

Christmas Tales; from the German and other Sources. By J. S. LAURIE. (Longmans. pp. 208)—is a continuation of "Laurie's Entertaining Library," and comprises a collection of seasonal little tales.

The Nest Hunters; or, Adventures in the Indian Archipelago. By WILLIAM DALTON. With Illustrations. (Arthur Hall and Co. pp. 434.)—Mr. Dalton needs no introduction to those youthful readers who are fond of interesting and wholesome stories of travel and adventure. He has a happy and ingenious way of so weaving up the fictitious adventure of his imaginary heroes with the narratives of reliable travellers, that his stories have an air of reality such as no others of the same kind possess. His "plucky boys" are this time sent to that delightful region of romance, the great Indian Archipelago, where they hunt the edible nest of the swallow, pursue tigers, and encounter all manner of adventures. His book will be welcome present to any boy. It is creditably printed and got up, and the illustrations are pretty; but that which represents Claude descending into the caves where the swallows build their nests might have been more natural. The next time the artist attempts that subject we advise him to get a boy to let himself down a rope, so that he may draw him in something more like a possible attitude.

St. Winifred's; or, The World of School. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. pp. 536.)—A well-written story of school life, evidently as autobiographical as "Tom Brown" itself. It is written in a pious spirit, and tends to illustrate the lesson that, to make Christian men, the boy must be moulded and tempered by the process of a truly Christian education.

Tuflongbo's Journey in Search of Ogres, with some Account of his early Life, and How his Shoes got worn Out. By HOLME LEE. With six illustrations by H. SANDERSON. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A most amusing book, by a well-practised hand at writing stories for young folks. The very cover will make the eyes water, so gaudy is it.

Our Soldiers; or, Anecdotes of the Great Campaigns and gallant Deeds of the British Army during the Reign of Queen Victoria. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON. (Griffith and Farran.)—We have here the war in India, the war with China, the Burmese War, the Russian War, the Campaign in Persia, and the Indian Mutiny—all capital reading for our boys.

Our Sailors; or, Anecdotes of the Engagements and gallant Deeds of the British Navy during the Reign of Queen Victoria. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON. (Griffith and Farran.)—This is a companion volume to the former, abounding in anecdotes of the valour of the British Tar in all parts of the world, and eminently capable of engaging the attention of youth and stimulating their patriotism.

The Boy's Country Book. Edited by WILLIAM HOWITT. (A. W. Bennett. pp. 356.)—A book after a boy's own heart: full of the country

and of country pastimes, and of information most useful to the country boy, and at the same time scarcely less interesting to the town boy. We must say, however, that after Mr. Howitt's late escapade against rabbit-trapping, in the columns of a daily paper, we were scarcely prepared to find him the apologist of bird's-nesting. His view is curious enough. "While there are boys and bird's nests, there will always be bird's-nesting." True, but as La Fontaine says,

A cet âge tout est cruel.

But, says Mr. Howitt, do not move the young, only the nests and the eggs, for they "are too beautiful and curious not to be sought after and admired," and besides, "the instinct of parental affection is tenfold more strongly developed towards the young than towards the egg." How does Mr. Howitt know that? Surely one ought to be a bird to pronounce authoritatively upon such a point!

Other pleasant little volumes of this kind are, *Hodge-Podge; a Medley of Humorous Poetry, Christmas Stories, &c.* Mixed by Edmund Routledge. (Routledge.)—*Children's Sayings; or, Early Life at Home.* By Caroline Hadley.—*Stories of Old; Bible Narratives Suitable for Children.* By Caroline Hadley. With seven Illustrations. Second Series, New Testament. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—*Katie; or, the Simple Hearts.* By D. Richmond. With Illustrations by M. J. Booth. (Bell and Daldy.)—The last of these is dedicated, by permission, to Miss Burdett Coutts: We wish that our space would have permitted us to dwell upon each and all of their many excellencies.

Versicles from the Portfolio of a Sexagenarian. (Longmans. pp. 169).—We cannot help thinking that if these "Versicles" had been kept within the portfolio of their author, we should have been spared the perusal of some very commonplace verses which, however pleasing they may have been to select circle of admiring friends, certainly have nothing in them to entitle them to intrude upon the public eye. In his preface the author very naively informs his readers that "in 1839 Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, in signifying their acceptance of some poetical translations which he had forwarded to them, requested to be entrusted with the writer's 'Portfolio,' for the purpose of extracting such of its contents as they might think suitable for insertion in the pages of *Maga*. From some cause or other he neglected to comply with their request." Let us hope that the cause was a more modest estimate of their quality than he now appears to entertain. Is it to be supposed that if Messrs. Blackwood had been gratified with a sight of the "Portfolio," they would have selected for insertion such a poem as that headed "Address to a False Tooth"? Let the reader judge:

They err who call thee false. Thou art, dear tooth,
The very type of constancy and truth;
For I have had thee long, and, since the day
When first the dentist fix'd thee in my jaw,
Have found thee still impervious to decay,
As perfect as a pearl without a flaw,
And so exempt from every ache and pain.
From which my other teeth are seldom free,
That I should reckon it no trifling gain
Could I exchange the few that yet remain
For sound and serviceable ones like thee.

There may be something of the coarseness but there is certainly nothing of the wit of Martial in such an epigram as this:

TO AN OLD COQUETTE.
Be wise, Corinna, and replace
That pretty tooth-pick in its case;
For Time has pick'd thy teeth too well
To leave thee e'en a single shell.
And all thy pains in quest of crumbs
Will only lacerate thy gums.

And the worst of it is, that even this is only a translation. That, however, the "Sexagenarian" may have written some lines worthy of insertion into *Blackwood* we perceive indications here and there. There is some fire discernible in this denunciation of "The Freedom of the Press":

One day I listen'd to a long harangue
On England's "glorious Freedom of the Press,"
When pondering on the phrase, as if to guess
Its meaning, I bethought me how the gang,
The press-gang prowling in her ports, attack
The famish'd Englishman—how tenderly
They drag him to a tender, and apply
The cat or cutlass to his free-born back.
The "Freedom of the Press!"—detested cant!
A cheat that gloses over every ill!
For so that we submit to woe and want,
And dig their fields and fight their battles still,
Our tyrants—curse their condescension!—grant
That we may write and print whate'er we will.

Nature's Normal School. The True Model for National Education. By JAMES GALL, Author of "End and Essence of Sabbath-school Teaching." (Edinburgh: Gall and Inglis. 1862. pp. 272.)—Although we cannot by any means agree with all the theological doctrines which Mr. Gall has advanced, and which are even more extreme than those held by ultra-Evangelicalists, we can readily admit that this little work is, in an educational point of view, of considerable interest. Mr. Gall, who tells us that "the snows of nearly fourscore winters have now passed over his head," was induced more than half a century ago to become an amateur teacher:

The author's desire to instruct a few apprentices then under his charge, induced him for the time to become an amateur teacher. Knowing only the absurdities which he had felt in his own personal experience when boy, he had to strike out a new plan for himself. His great aim was to cultivate the powers of his pupils' minds, by making them think for themselves, thoroughly to understand, and to write, or tell him again, what they were taught. This he soon found was most successfully done, by training them to express what they had heard or learned in their own words; and while he taught them nothing but what was really useful, he at the same time taught them its use, and endeavoured to point out to them how they might most readily and easily turn their acquired knowledge to practical use in the ordinary affairs of life. This he gradually found could be done only by the drawing of practical lessons from the truths or subjects with which his pupils were made acquainted, and applying these lessons for their guidance in their every-day life. By this method he found, that every

succeeding exercise was becoming more and more easy, useful, and fascinating to his interesting pupils.

Mr. Gall's success determined him in applying his thoughts to education as a science; and the result is the volume before us, in which, though there is much that we cannot agree with, there is much also that is original and suggestive.

Poems. By ROBERT SELMA. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co. pp. 270.)

—Mr. Selma's verses are occasionally pretty; and, though somewhat deficient in vigour and spirit, are, on the whole, pleasantly free from those extravagancies and word-torturings which so many of our modern bards mistake for poetic inspiration. Yet it cannot be said that most persons would find any difficulty in writing verses to any amount like the following:

Flash of beauty, little child!
Resting nowhere long together—
Undecided, wandering wild,
Like a swallow, hither, thither;
Careless as a summer hour
Hovering over summer lakes;
Happy as a little flower
When the sunny morning breaks!

Beam of beauty, little child!
Lovelier than thou art at rest;
Giving, taking, lustre mild,
Folded on thy mother's breast:
Unregarding shine or shower,
Closed amid thy field of fun—
Sleepy as a little flower,
Eye-shut ere the day is done!

Dante's Divina Commedia: The Inferno. Translated by W. P. WILKIE. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. pp. 211.)—A very creditable translation of one of the noblest poems in existence. The method used is a kind of blank verse, arranged in rhythmic sentences. A specimen will serve to give an idea of the character of the work, and of the style in which it is executed. Let it be the famous, well-known passage of the entrance into Hell:

"Through me unto the land of woe,
Through me unto eternal pain,
Through me unto the souls accurst.
By justice was my Maker moved.
By power divine my fabric rose,
By wisdom high and primal love.
All who before me were create
Immortal were; and I eternal am.
Abandon hope who enters here."
I saw these words in letters black
above a gate inscribed, and cried alarmed:
"O Master dear, a fearful threat is there."
Then he as one prepared:
"Now must all doubt be left behind;
all cowardice be dead.
Behold the place where thou shalt see
the spirits sad
who missed their souls' beatitude."
Then, with my hand in his,

and comforting with cheerful smile,
he led me in to view the secret things.
Such sighs, complaints, and wailings
loud
resounded through the starless air,
that I upon that threshold wept.
Unnumbered tongues and dialects rade,
with cries of pain, and accents fierce,
hoarse screams, and hand strokes loud
a tumult make, which, raging, whirls
around that space by endless night ob-
scured,
as sand doth fly upon the whirlwind's
breath.
Distracted by those horrors, I
unto my Master cried: "What sounds are
these;
and who are so by anguish torn?"

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I.: Abraham to Samuel. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. With Maps and Plans. (John Murray. 8vo. pp. 526.)—Whatever comes from the pen of Dr. Stanley is certain to be received with favour and read with the deepest attention. Earnest, eloquent, learned, with a style which is never monotonous, but luring through its elegance, the lectures will maintain his fame as author, scholar, and divine. We could point out many passages that glow with a true poetic fire, such as that one which describes the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, and that other which describes the Israelites eating the passover. But there are hundreds of others pictorially rich and poetically true. The reader experiences no weariness, for in every page and paragraph there is something to engage the mind and refresh the soul. Though Dr. Stanley in these lectures does not assume to be historical, but ecclesiastical—tracing the history of the Jewish Church only, he cannot well avoid treating history occasionally on its broadest basis, and here he demeans himself as a philosopher and an acute historian. He has, besides, in these lectures, a breadth and liberality which make him as an author specially engaging. In the preface he explains the objects of his lectures, and one of them has been to abstain from writing consecutive history, but to present the main character and events of the Sacred Narrative in such a form as the facts of the case will admit. He says:

The Jewish history has suffered from causes similar to those which still, within our memory, obscured the history of Greece and of Rome. Till within the present century, the characters and institutions of those two great countries were so veiled from view in the conventional haze with which the enchantment of distance had invested them, that when the more graphic and critical historians of our time broke through this reserve, a kind of shock was felt through all the educated classes of the country.

He adds further on:

To search the Jewish records, as we would search those of other nations, is regarded as dangerous. Even to speak of any portion of the Bible as a "History," has been described, even by able and pious men, as an outrage upon religion. In protesting against this elimination of the historical element from the Sacred Narrative, I shall not be understood as wishing to efface the distinction which good taste, no less than reverence, will always endeavour to preserve between the Jewish and other histories.

The volume is accompanied with a useful index.

The New Law of Highways; being the Third Edition of Foote's Law of Highways; containing the General Act, the New Act, and all the subsequent Cases. By WILLIAM FOOTE, of Swindon. (Crockford).—Mr. Foote the author of this volume, was one of the authors of the new Highways Act, and therefore his exposition of it is especially valuable. Moreover, he is an experienced magistrate's clerk, and has a thorough knowledge of his subject. Two editions of his treatise on the Law of Highways attest the opinion of those who have used it. The passing of the new Act creating a more perfect machinery for the management of highways, has induced the issue of a new edition of the entire work, with this statute as a part of it. Indeed, the new Act is of very little service to any person without the General Act, for the two are expressly incorporated, and it is impossible to construe them without continual reference to the other. Mr. Foote has brought them together here, pointing out their mutual relationship, and he has noted up all the cases on the Law of Highways decided up to the date of publication. It is a work that must be possessed by every magistrate, waywarden, and solicitor.

Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time. By EDMUND KIRKE (Ward and Lock. pp. 282.)—The author professes to describe what he has seen, and the object evidently is to paint the Southerners as black as possible. In this he certainly succeeds.

Riddles and Jokes. Collected by the Editor of "Every Boy's Magazine." Third Series. (Routledge. pp. 126.)—A collection of jokes, conundrums, riddles, and puns, good, bad, and indifferent; but all serviceable at this Christmas season.

Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By the late FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—As this is dedicated by permission to Mr. Tennyson we may presume that it meets with his approbation. It is simply an index *raisonné* of the poem—just such a key as one might write on the margin of one's copy, and will, no doubt, be very useful to those who are unable to understand the poem without such a key.

On Matter and Ether; or, the Secret Laws of Physical Change. By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. pp. 216.)—We cannot now enter into a careful examination of this volume, or of the important theory which it broaches, and we will not pretend to deal with it cursorily. It will be sufficient to state that its author is an able physicist, and that his argument is directed to some of the most recondite *arcana* of science.

Outlines of Modern Farming. By ROBERT SCOTT BURNS. Vol. I. (Virtue Brothers and Co. pp. 227.)—This rudimentary treatise for the use of students of agriculture is designed upon the plan of the series of rudimentary works published by Mr. Weale, of which Messrs. Virtue Brothers have recently become the purchasers. It is well arranged and seems exhaustive as far as it goes, whilst the name of the author is a good guarantee of the accuracy of the information. Its price brings it within the reach of the humblest student.

The Sixth Edition of the New Law and Practice of Joint Stock Companies. By EDWARD W. COX, Recorder of Falmouth. (Crockford.)—The law of joint-stock companies was amended and consolidated in a single statute of the last session of Parliament. Two years had elapsed since the last edition of Mr. Cox's work had been exhausted, and he deferred the publication of a new edition until the new law should be produced. Such are the changes made by it, that, as the author remarks, it is almost a new book. The introduction has been almost entirely re-written. In this Mr. Cox describes minutely how a joint-stock company is to be formed and conducted, and not merely setting out the law, but giving detailed instructions for the promotion and management, including the articles of association. This is followed by the new statute, which is elaborately annotated; then we have the new statute for the regulation of provident societies, the new winding-up orders, and the French and Belgian conventions relating to joint-stock companies. To these are added a digest of the decisions of the courts on the law of joint-stock companies, and finally an extremely copious index, than which nothing is more necessary or gives greater value to a law book.

OF REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS, we have received a pretty, nicely-illustrated reprint in one volume of *The Channings*. By Mrs. Henry Wood. (R. Bentley.)—An equally handy and comely reprint in one volume of Mr. Wilkie Collins's collection of stories from *Household Words*, called *After Dark*. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Mr. Thackeray's admirable essays *The Roundabout Papers*, reprinted from the *Cornhill*. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Vol. XI. of the handsome library edition of De Quincey's Works published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. This volume contains *Coleridge and Opium Eating*, with other works.—A reprint in one volume of *The Mill on the Floss*, by "George Eliot." (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—Messrs. A. and C. Black have added to their shilling reprint of "The Waverley Novels" *Kenilworth*, being the twelfth volume of the series.—Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have added to their "Shilling Series" of "Standard Authors" *A Lost Love*, by Ashford Owen; *Wheat and Tares*, a *Tale*; *Young Singleton*, by Talbot Gwynne; and *Amberhill*, by A. J. Barrow-cliffe.

Of works published in parts, we have received: *Beeton's Family Bible*. Parts XV. and XVI.—*Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information*. Parts XLVIII. and XLIX.—*The Boy's Own Library*. Vol. III. Part XX. (Beeton.)—*Home Games*. Parts II., III., IV. and V.: *Chess*; *Billiards*. (Beeton.)—*Beeton's Own Book of Garden Management*. Part XV.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History*. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Part XLVI. (Routledge.)—*Barrington*. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. Part XI. (Chapman and Hall.)

Of the December numbers of monthly publications we have received: *Fraser's Magazine*.—*The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.—*London Society*. (Christmas number.)—*The Boy's Own Magazine*.—*The Ecclesiologist*.—*The Exchange*.—*Journal of the Statistical Society of London*.—*The Ladies' Companion and Monthly Magazine*.—*Hetherwick's Miscellany*.—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys*.—*The Sixpenny Magazine*.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.—*St. James's Magazine*.—*The Gardner's Weekly Magazine*.—*Journal des Familles*.—*The Technologist*.—*The Eclectic Review*.—*The Dublin University Magazine*.—*Bow Bells*.—*Temple Bar*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, &c.

Of the January numbers of monthly publications we have received: *The Cornhill Magazine*.—*Colman's Magazine*.—*Duffy's Hibernian Sixpenny Magazine*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.—*London Society*.—*The Churchman's Magazine*.—*Temple Bar Magazine*.—*Every Boy's Magazine*.—*The Sixpenny Magazine*.—*The St. James's Magazine*.—*The Exchange*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.—*Le Follet*.

Of miscellaneous pamphlets and publications, we have received: *The Gardener's Annual for 1863*. Edited by the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole. With a Coloured Illustration by John Leech. (Longmans.)—*Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog*. By H. G. Reid. (S. W. Partridge.)—*Suggestions for the Application of the Egyptological Method to Modern History*. Illustrated by Examples. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.)—*The Three Panics Dispelled: a Reply to the Historical Episode of Richard Cobden, Esq.* Reprinted from *Colburn's United Service Magazine*. (R. Hardwicke.)—*The Pentateuchical Narrative Vindicated from the Absurdities charged against it by the Bishop of Natal*. By J. Collyer Knight. (Samuel Bagster and Co.)—*The Bishop*

of *Labuan: a Vindication of the Statements respecting the Bornean Mission contained in the last chapter of "Life in the Forests of the Far East," by Spencer St. John*. By the Author. (W. Ridgway.)—*Air and Water: their Impurities and Purification*. By Henry Bollman Condy. (John W. Davies.)—*The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book*. 1863. Edited by Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S. (Groombridge and Sons.)—*The British Controversialist*. 1862. (Houlston and Wright.)—*Collection of the Public General Statutes relating to the Registration of Estates*. Edited by James Bigg. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*Ree's Improved Diary and Almanack for 1863*. (C. J. and A. Penny.)—*England under God*. By the Ven. Archdeacon Evans. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—*Ada Malcolm*. By Elizabeth Morpeth.—*A Few Words with Bishop Colenso on the Subject of the Exodus of the Israelites and the Position of Mount Sinai*. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. (Williams and Norgate.)—*Report of the Oxford and Cambridge, &c., Mission to Central Africa*, for 1861. (Spottiswoode and Co.)—*Anent the United States and Confederate States of North America*. (James Ridgway.)—*Familiar Letters on the Diseases of Children*. By J. B. Harrison, M.D. (John Churchill.)—*The Temperance Congress for 1862*. (W. Tweedie.)—*Public Health in Relation to Air and Water*. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)—*Our Domestic Animals in Health and Disease*. By John Gamgee. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—*Roxana; the Spanish Maid: a Tale of Modern Times*. (W. Tweedie.)

We have also received a volume entitled *Dissent in the Balance; or, Episcopacy Defended*. By Internuncio. (Hugh Williams and Co.)—*A Treatise on the Physiological Anatomy of the Lungs*. By James Newton Heale, M.D. (John Churchill.)—*Hymns for the Church of England*. (Printed by Spottiswoode and Co.)—*Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year*. By John S. B. Monsell, LL.D. (Bell and Dalrymple.)

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Mr. George Cruikshank has removed his curious and powerful picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," to Exeter Hall, where it is exhibited, accompanied by a large collection of early etchings and caricatures from the same pencil.

The New Society of Water Colours has opened a winter exhibition for the relief of the Lancashire distress.

M. Ley's has commenced his first great decorative picture for the Hotel de Ville, Antwerp. It represents the entrance of Charles V. into the town, when he came to swear to maintain its liberties.

As an illustration to the forthcoming work of the Emperor Napoleon III., on "Caesar's Campaigns in Gaul," the veteran Ingres is engaged to paint a portrait of the great Roman based on all the existing authorities. What better authority than the coinage? Does not the severe, eager, thoughtful outline stamped there accord most perfectly with the character of him who first subdued Rome and then the world?

Three memorial windows (by Messrs. O'Connor) have been placed in Datchett Church, in memory of the Prince Consort.

The subscribers of the Art Union of London are about to subscribe for a testimonial of plate to Messrs. Godwin and Pocock, their active honorary secretaries.

Mr. Macpherson, the photographer from Rome, has been exhibiting at Edinburgh, photographed pictures of the *che's d'œuvre* at the Vatican, projected by means of a magic-lantern upon a transparency. The effect was much admired.

M. Horace Vernet having been reported dead (not for the first time), has recovered. We understand that his post-mortem biography was already in type for more than one London paper.

The Musée Sauvageot, recently added to the national collections of France, has just been thrown open to the public in the Salle de Henri II., in the Louvre. The collection consists of miniatures, old furniture, jewellery, bronzes, porcelain, enamels, &c.

The Royal Academy medals have been distributed:—To Mr. Thomas Henry Thomas, a silver medal, for the best drawing from the life; to Mr. F. Holt the same, for a drawing from the antique; also to Mr. Thebb, for perspective drawing, and to Mr. George Hall, for a specimen of sciography. No gold medal.

Mr. Abraham Solomon, the well-known artist, died at Biarritz on the 20th ult. of disease of the heart. Mr. Solomon, though a young man, had already won a high place in his art by several deservedly popular works, among which "Waiting for the Verdict" and "Drowned! Drowned!" may be honourably mentioned. He died in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and has left a young widow and a large circle of friends to deplore his loss.

Mr. Marshall Wood is to execute a statue of the Queen, to be erected at Montreal.

Mr. Woolner is executing a memorial statue of the late Prince Consort for Oxford.

Mr. Thorneycroft has a commission for a bronze equestrian statue of the Prince Consort for Halifax.

A monument to Uhland is to be erected at Tubingen, the birthplace of the poet.

They have been inaugurating, at Pesaro, where Rossini was born, a statue in his honour.

The Council of the Art Union has offered 600*l.* for the plaster design of a group in marble, to be decided by competition, open to all the world. It will probably share the fate of all such competitions—no first-rate artist will compete.

The monument to George Stephenson, by Mr. Lough, has been inaugurated at Newcastle.

The statue of General Sir William Napier has been added to the sculptural ornaments of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is by Mr. G. G. Adams, who also executed that of General Sir Charles Napier.

Her Majesty has graciously consented that a cast of the statue of the Prince, by Mr. Durham (modelled for the memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851), shall be erected in Guernsey as a memorial, in compliance with the wishes of the people of Guernsey. The subscription of such a comparatively large sum as that required for the cast and the pedestal (1200*l.* in all), by the inhabitants of so small a place, cannot fail to have impressed the Queen deeply with a sense of the loyalty of the Guernsey men, who are truly among the most loyal and loving of her subjects. The memorial will be inaugurated at St. Peter Port some time in the autumn.

The *feuilletoniste* in *The Queen* says:—"A very important and valuable addition has lately been made to the sculpture galleries of the British Museum in the form of "The Lion of Chæronea." This noble animal once stood upon a monumental tomb, erected in Boeotia, n.c. 333, to the memory of those who fell in the Battle of Chæronea, which the Boeotians fought against Macedonian Philip. Pausanias, mentioning this monument, declares that it had no inscrip-

tion upon it, but only the figure of a lion, "as an emblem of the spirit of these men." Travellers in modern times make no mention of the lion; but about twenty years ago it was discovered in fragments scattered about the ruins of the tomb. These fragments have now been brought over, and are being put together by Mr. Newton, whose Haliacarnassian experience and great knowledge of the period of art to which the Lion of Choroneia belongs, guarantee that the work will be well done."

ALL THE LONDON THEATRES (with the exception of the Lyceum) have opened with the usual pantomimes, burlesques, and extravaganzas proper to the season. Clown, pantaloons, the fairy Splendidiferosa, the demon of Blue Blazes, and Messrs. Beeverley, Calcott, and their attendant brotherhood of the Royal Academy of Fairyland rule supreme. Under such circumstances, criticism would of course be quite out of place. One noticeable fact is that if the demand for burlesque and pantomime is great, the supply is scarcely adequate; if we are to judge by the fact that some of the most popular writers in that line—Messrs. Byron, W. Brough, and E. L. Blanchard, to wit—have supplied their two or three houses each this year. We leave this problem to be solved in the next number of the *Quarterly Review*.

Miss Anna Hiles made a successful *début* at Covent Garden in the "Bohemian Girl." Her voice is a pleasant soprano. She has since appeared successfully as *Maritana*.

Mr. Benedict is composing a cantata for next year's Norwich Festival.

The Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed on the 13th inst.

Miss Marion Pitman (the niece of the inventor of Phonography) made her *début* as a singer at a concert given at Meltbam, Huddersfield, for the benefit of the Lancashire operatives, and, it is said, with much success.

M. Rover has resigned the management of the Grand Opera, Paris, and is succeeded by M. Perrin, manager of the Opera Comique.

Sigñor Verdi is going to St. Petersburg, to superintend the production of "I Lombardi" there.

The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music have presented a deserved testimonial to Mr. Lucas, the principal.

Herr Joachim gave last month a brilliant farewell concert.

"Messiah" was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall on the Friday before Christmas-day. The principal vocalists were Mme. Lemmens-Sherington, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Haigh.

A "Mass," by Dr. Liszt, has been played at Amsterdam. It was originally written for "Gran" Cathedral, in Hungary; whereupon the *Athenaeum* calls it Dr. Liszt's "Grand Mass."

Mile. Patti has won a real *succes d'estime* at the Grand Opera, Paris. The Signor Mario has experienced the reverse at the same house.

The concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society have been most successful, and the society is reputed to be in a thriving condition.

Mr. Crewick has been playing *Hamlet* at Sadler's Wells, with Miss Catherine Lucette as *Ophelia*.

Mr. George Linley produced a flimsy farce at the Princess's called "Law & Love." It seems to have been composed for Miss Oliver, who, of course, acted the part of the defendant charmingly.

At the Olympic a piece called "My Wife's Relations" has been produced with moderate success.

A farce has been produced at the Adelphi called "The Ticket of Leave," designed to ridicule the needless panic into which twenty-seven millions of people have been plunged by the occurrence of twenty robberies with violence.

The Westminster Play was enacted this year as usual. Returning to their early love, the Westminsters gave the "Andria" of Terence.

Mr. Falconer vacated the Lyceum on Wednesday, the 22nd, having played "Peep o' Day" under its roof no one knows how many hundred nights. On the 22nd he took his benefit to a crowded house, and played, by way of change, the farce of "The Irish Lion," introducing into the performance several novel points, not previously attempted by either Mr. Power, the originator of the part, or Mr. Hudson. The peculiarity of these points seemed, in the opinion of some, to consist in their close imitation of Mr. Robson in "Boots at the Swan." Whether from this, or from some other cause, we cannot well determine; but it is certain that the opinion of the audience was against these novel innovations, and that they did not hesitate to show that such was the case in a most unmissable manner.

Independently of the Christmas entertainments, many changes and novelties have been introduced into the politics of the London theatres this Christmas season. Mr. Boucicault has opened "Astley's" under the sounding title of "the Theatre Royal Westminster," which, from the fact that the theatre, to borrow the words of a well-known popular song,

Doesn't quite live in Westmister,
But is t'other side of the water,

is a curious misnomer. In spite of the changes in the internal decorations and arrangements of the house, the architectural form, the depth of the pit, the hollow sound of the voice as projected from the stage, still announce to the experienced theatre-goer that he is in the Astley's of his youth. Whether Mr. Boucicault will succeed in setting the Thames on fire, or even in proving to London managers, by example, what a model theatre ought to be, time alone can show. At any rate, it is clear that the transpontine theatre-goers do not exhibit any extraordinary curiosity on the subject of the "Taking of Lucknow;" for, although the "Theatre Royal" opened with that particularly sensational drama, and the police regulations to guard against the fatal consequences of the expected crush were of the most efficient description possible, the attendance proved to be exceedingly small.

Sheridan Knowles, the veteran dramatist, died last month, in the 82nd year of his age. He was born at Cork, was bred to the stage, and soon began to write for the drama. Later in life he abjured sack, and became a Baptist preacher, bemoaning to the end of his days his wickedness in writing plays. For all that, however, he continued to receive to his dying day the pension of £200 a year which Sir Robert Peel allotted him on the Civil List as a playwright, and the very handsome income which the Dramatic Authors' Society collected for the fees of his more popular plays.

The annual ball of the Royal Dramatic College is said to have been anything but a success. We have before us a report of the entertainment from the *News*. A list of the guests is given, and, as if to eke it out, their addresses also. Thus we arrive at the interesting fact that Mr. Frank Matthews lives at No. 7, Linden-grove, Bayswater; whilst Mr. G. Penny resides at 8, John-street, Adelphi. Mr. Benjamin Webster presided at the supper, and delivered a speech, which the reporter describes as "a few graceful utterances," in which were "compressed the essence of a really good speech;" to which he enthusiastically adds: "Could the inmates of the Maybury Institution have had a communicating tube constructed to convey to them there and then the affectionate and loving remembrances which Mr. Webster presented to his well-pleased audience, we are satisfied that, late as it was, many would have risen from their beds, that on bended knee they might present a prayer to Heaven to spare to a lengthened existence the life of one who has long been their benefactor and their friend."

Dean Swift appears on the Paris stage in a drama at the Odéon, entitled "Le Doyen de St. Patrick," by MM. de Vailly and Ullbach. *Stella* and *Vanessa* are the heroines.

Mr. Shepherd finds that he can't do without Shakespeare at the Surrey, so Mr. Phelps has been illustrating "the immortal bard" there, winning golden opinions in *Falstaff*—him of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Mr. G. V. Brooke has been filling the City of London Theatre with his voice and his popularity. He has been playing *Hotspur*, in "Henry IV," to Mr. Ryder's *Falstaff*.

One night in last month Mr. Sothern played *Lord Dundreary* for the 300th time. A great compliment to the ability of the actor—but what to the sense of the British public?

Mr. Fechter opens the Lyceum on the 10th inst. with a new romantic drama, which has been specially written for him, entitled *The Duke's Motto*. An extravaganza by Mr. W. Brough had been announced, but, out of deference to the author (who did not wish his work to come after a long drama) it is postponed until Easter.

Charles Vogel, director of the principal school at Leipzig, the author of several geographical works and the father of the late African traveller, died at Leipzig on the 15th November.

The Rev. W. Stubbs, M.A., Vicar of Navestock, has been appointed the new librarian at Lambeth Palace.

Dr. Mackay, the *Times* correspondent in the Northern States, refers to the "ignorance" of an American official in calling *a billion* "a thousand millions." The "ignorance" is the Doctor's own. In the States, as in France, a billion is "a thousand millions."

The mausoleum erected at Frogmore to receive the body of the late Prince Consort has been solemnly inaugurated, and the remains have been conveyed to their final resting place.

Mr. W. L. Hughes, the translator of Edgar Poe and other writers into French, has been elected a member of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, being the first Englishman that ever had that honour.

The Polytechnic Institution has added many new and attractive features to its well-known programme this Christmas.

A law liberating the press from many restrictions is shortly to be promulgated in Austria.

Two cuneiform inscriptions have been discovered in a cave from which the principal stream of the Tigris rises, and casts have been taken by Mr. Taylor. One is already in London, and is a record of Tiglath-Pileser I.; the other is supposed to belong to Sardanapalus.

No balance-sheet of the receipts and expenditure of the Exhibition has as yet been published, and the guarantors remain as yet in ignorance as to what they will have to pay.

In answer to the circular letter of the Council of the Society of Arts addressed to the jurors, the majority have given opinions adverse to the principle of medals and honourable mentions.

The Royal Commissioners for the Great Exhibition have abandoned the idea of holding a state ceremonial in January for the distribution of the medals and "mentions"—more or less honourable. Having realised the fact that no large proportion of exhibitors were likely to risk colds in the head for the sake of awards so paltry and so dubious, they have written to the Prince of Wales admitting their inability to warm and prepare the building. Since that they have intimated to the exhibitors that the medals may be had on application at the office after the 10th of January, but that the "honourable mentions" will not be ready until after a later date.

The literary gossipper in the *Illustrated London News* says:—"One tiny paragraph and we have done with controversies. The great Constantine Simonides has turned up again, and accuses Professor Tischendorf of passing off as an original manuscript of the Codex Sinaiticus sundry excerpts transcribed, *proprio manu*, by him, Simonides, when employed as calligrapher (*Cur et l'autre se dit*) to a Greek monastery at Mount Athos. The Tischendorfs fiercely deny the charge of Simonides, and the pundit of paleographical retorts, and a pretty little paper war is being kept up, whose calorific saves erudite hands from chilblains in this raw weather."

The reviewer of "Somebody's Luggage" in the *Times* gives the following curious account of the "Arabian Nights":—"The author of the 'Arabian Nights' was as puzzled as Mr. Dickens how to bind into a garland the numerous tales which he had in store. He conceived the idea of their being told during a thousand and one nights to the Sultan as a soporific. If the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' were intended to invoke sleep Mr. Dickens need not be ashamed," &c. Ought not this writer to peruse the "Arabian Nights" once more?

A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, desirous of giving dynastic warrant for Prince Alfred's election to the Greek throne, gives the following curious piece of genealogy to prove that Queen Victoria has a lineal descent from the Emperor Constantine.

Constantine the Great.

|
Constantina.

Basil the Macedonian, "descendant Arsaces."

Basil I., Imp. 867.

|
Eudocia.

Leo VI., the Philosopher.

|
Zoe Carbonnopsina.

Constantine VII., * the Beloved.

|
Helena, daughter of Romanus I.

Romanus II.

|
Theophania.

Theophano, "the Beautiful." †

Otho II., Emperor of Germany.

|
Mathilde of Germany.

Theodoric IV. of Hainault, &c.

|
Philippa of Hainault.

Edward III.

|
Victoria.

* Gibbon (Eckhel) X. | See Mentzel.
Bravo! as Mr. Hannay would say—"there's nothing like blood." Or, as another zealous genealogist once observed to us, "Well, the Queen belongs, after all, to a very decent old family!"

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition have placed at the disposal of the Council, for distribution to the members of the Society of Arts and of the Institutions in Union, copies of the Industrial and Fine Arts Catalogues, by way of disposing of the "remainders," having already presented a copy of each to the policemen on duty in testimony of their gratitude.

Last month died Miss Julia Pardo, an authoress of some reputation. She was born in Yorkshire, "early in the present century"—how early gallantry sayeth not. She published poems when 13 years, and went on publishing. Her best known, and perhaps her best books were "The Life of Francis I." and "The Life of Marie de Medici." "The City of the Sultan" and other books written on Oriental subjects are full of misconception, and are nearly worthless.

A curious blunder was perpetrated in the reports of the ceremony inaugurating the Prince Consort's Mausoleum at Frogmore. A hymn, evidently composed for the occasion, being headed in the programme "In Memoriam," was mistaken by the reporters as a quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The first verse ran thus:—

O fond and loving spirit, thou
Far, far away from me art now;
I miss the hand of friendship true,
The heart that all my feelings knew.

In the first place, there are only a very few verses in Tennyson's poem in this metre, and these are certainly not among them; in the next place, we wonder what the Laureate would say at having these lines attributed to him.

Mr. John Leycester Adolphus, a gentleman well known at the Common Law Bar, died on the 24th ult. Mr. Adolphus will be remembered as the co-editor of the series of reports "Barnwell and Adolphus" and "Adolphus and Ellis;" also of a little volume proving from internal evidence that Sir Walter Scott must have been the author of "Waverley."

In the Edinburgh Courant Mr. James Haunay contradicts the hitherto universally received statement that Mr. Disraeli once edited the late Mr. John Murray's short-lived Tory paper, *The Representative*. What says the present Mr. Murray to this? Our own impression is, that Mr. Disraeli was engaged upon *The Representative*, not as editor, but as theatrical critic; for we have heard that when the engagement was proposed to him, he assented in true "Vivian Grey" style—stipulating for "an opera-box and cabriolet."

Christmas has been kept up with great festivity at the Crystal Palace. There has been a grand lighting-up of the Palace with gas, sacred music on Christmas Day, mincemeat, Christmas trees, and Blondin. The most extraordinary performance which has taken place at this institution during the past year, however, has been the declaration of a dividend of 3 per cent., which is equal to 8 per cent. for those who have bought at present prices.

Dr. J. E. Gray (whose *forte* is not in logic, wherever it may be) has been lately distinguishing himself in another direction. In a "Hand Catalogue of Postage-stamps, for the Use of Collectors," Dr. Gray lays claim to the original conception of the penny postage-stamp. In so many words, he says that he could not devote his time to the development of his scheme, but "fortunately Mr. (now Sir) Rowland Hill, who had leisure at command . . . undertook the question, and, with sundry aid, 'carried the question.' In reply to this, Sir R. Hill says: 'If this strange story is not intended for a joke, it amounts to one of the most extraordinary hallucinations on record.' But, however this may be, most assuredly the statement has not the slightest foundation in fact." In rejoinder to this, Dr. Gray alleges that he never stated that he had communicated his suggestion to Mr. Hill, but he reiterates his claim to have been the first to suggest the plan. If this plea is to hold good, the first person who declared it to be a desirable thing to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour, must have all the credit of the railway system; and the first artillery officer who said: "Be gad! if we could only pitch the balls three miles or so," ought to take the laurels from Sir William Armstrong.

The Turkish Government is arranging a national Exhibition, which will no doubt have the effect of attracting many of the curious and inquiring to Constantinople, and will also present an unusual opportunity for developing the resources and, in some respects, unrivalled manufactures of the Ottoman empire. The steel of Damascus and of Upper Albania will be there to put to shame the *chefs d'œuvre* of Sheffield and of Solingen; silks from all parts of the empire will defy the competition of Lyons and Macclesfield; and the most exquisite embroideries in the world will be exhibited by the principal harems in the City of the Sultan. These are but a few points of interest. It is stated that among other peculiar arrangements, necessitated by the manners of the people, is one for setting aside a special day of the week for the admission of ladies only. The Turks have evidently no notion of converting their exhibition, designed for a serious purpose, into a mere fashionable lounging walk for the idlers of both sexes.

A German mechanician is exhibiting a talking automaton at Paris. The figure, of course, is—woman.

Mr. Glaisher has been delivering lectures on his balloon ascents, and also on "Natural History and Palaeontology," to the Leeds Philosophical Society.

The report of the committee of the Academie des Sciences, appointed to consider the question, has determined that, although Mr. Crookes was the first to perceive the existence of the new metal, *Thalium*, by means of the spectrum analysis of MM. Bunsen and Kirchoff, the merit of having first obtained the pure metal is due to M. Lamy.

The Christmas course of lectures at the Royal Institution began on Saturday, the 27th ult. The state of Professor Faraday's health will prevent him again this year from enlightening the juvenile savants on the recondite secrets of chemistry; but they will have, *en révanche*, Dr. Frankland's six lectures on "Air and Water," the first of which opened the series.

The conditions of a grand international dog-show, to be held during the present year in the garden of the French Société d'Acclimatation, have been published.

THE FEATHERED FOSSIL.—ARCHLEOPTERYX.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER, we referred to Professor Owen's paper on the supposed feathered reptile, read before the Royal Society, on the 20th of November last. The prodigy turned out to be a bird, though a bird with a serpent's tail, and, we are glad to say, it was immediately after exhibited in a glass case of the geological gallery at the British Museum, where we have had a good look at it. We will not tire our readers with a repetition of the anatomical details which settled the rank and relationship of the new candidate for a high pedigree, but just take a bird's-eye view of its remains. The fossil is about the size of a crow, spread out on the surface of a slab of lithographic stone, measuring 17 by 23 inches; the counterpart, or corresponding slab, contains very little more than the impression of the bones and feathers. There are two expanded tufts of feathers, not much like wings, but rather reminding us of those magnificent plumes of the Bird of Paradise in the adjoining bird gallery. Between these there is the little bone we call (at Christmas time) the "merry-thought," and wing bones on each side, which do not seem to be much connected with the fans. A third plume of feathers is evidently attached to the tail, and arranged herring-bone fashion along each side of it, instead of forming a tuft at the end, as in living birds. The tail is eight inches long, and more like a rat's-

tail than a "parson's nose." There are twenty joints in it, each long and slender, and supporting a pair of feathers, with an extra pair at the end. These are faintly impressed, but show the furrowed inner side of the quills, and the vanes are very distinct under a lens. One leg is imperfectly preserved, but the other is in good condition, and has a true bird's foot with three toes, and an opposable hinder claw, fit for perching. There are also two slender bones, with long sharp claws, in the proximity of the right wing, which are supposed to answer to the wing-spurs of the Syrian blackbird, spur-winged goose, and *apteryx*, used to strike with in combat or defence. They are, however, more like the small claws of the winged Pterodactyl, of which Mr. H. Woodward has promised to give some account in the *Intellectual Observer* for January. The most characteristic portions of the fossil bird—the head and breast-bone—are unfortunately wanting, and it might have been open to any one to speculate on the possibility of its mandibles being armed with teeth, had not the opportune arrival of several skeletons of the real fossil flying reptile, enabled us to see how very slight and superficial are the points of resemblance between them. These fossils belong to the Solnhofen Collection, made by Dr. Haberlein, and lately purchased by the trustees of the Museum. Only part of it has arrived at present, including other reptiles, and some wonderfully fine and perfect fishes from the same cream-coloured stone. The price of the whole will be 700L—not 450L as stated positively by a contemporary.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

THE PAPERS read before the Geological Society in the last month have been of local or limited interest. On Dec. 10, Mr. O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, exhibited and described two vertebrae from the coal-measures of S. Joggins, Nova Scotia, which he considered to be *Enaliosaurian*, and had named *Eosaurus Acadianus*. Professor Huxley suggested that they might have belonged to some *Labyrinthodont* reptile, similar to those lately discovered in the Edinburgh and Glasgow coal-fields. Sir Charles Lyell remarked that Professor Agassiz admitted the reptilian character of the remains until informed of their geological age, when he became anxious to make out that they were fishy.

Mr. C. Austin made a communication on the geology of Tourga, in Siberia, a district celebrated for the garnets and emeralds found in its primary rocks. The Miocene Tertiary deposits of this place contain a fossil fish called *Aspis Middendorffii*, and an *Estheria*, also named after the famous Russian traveller.

On Dec. 17 Professor Harkness gave an elaborate paper on the Skiddaw slates, with the associated syenites and green porphyries. The upper portion, consisting of purely sedimentary slates, is estimated at 8000 feet, and the lower part, of green slates and porphyries, at 10,000 feet more. The slates contain *Graptoolithes* and a crustacean (*Peltocaris?*). They have the same general strike as the metamorphic rocks of Scotland, and appear to have been all disturbed at the same time, viz., before the deposition of the upper part of the Old Red Sandstone. Mr. Salter considered these slates were of the age of the lower Llandeilo rock in Wales and of the Quebec group in Canada. The various portions of it were characterised by particular species of *Graptoite*, which indicated a regular change of conditions from the lower to the upper part of the series. Sir R. Murchison had always considered the Skiddaw slates typically *Lower Silurian*; but Professor Ramsay was not at all sure whether they were of the age of the Llandeilo slates or the Caradoc sandstone. Professor T. R. Jones gave an account of the fossil species of *Estheria* and *Lezia*, genera of bivalve crustaceans. He described fourteen species, all from fresh water or brackish water deposits, and reaching from the Devonian to the Tertiary strata. The geographical range of some of them was very great, being found in North America, Siberia, and India. Of the twenty-three recent species few, if any, inhabited brackish water, and none were marine.

In the discussion which followed the reading of Professor Owen's paper, some doubt was expressed by Mr. Gould, the ornithologist, as to whether the archæopteryx ever possessed the power of flight. Professor Owen had assumed this capacity because the creature had feathers and a *furcula*; but the feathers were not "primaries," and there were many birds with a *furcula*, yet quite unable to fly. He had been very unwilling to admit that the fossil was a bird at all, and hoped Mr. Owen would invent a new class of animals for its reception.

At the meeting of the Zoological Society, Dec. 9, Mr. W. H. Flower, of the College of Surgeons, described the anatomy of a South American monkey (*Pithecia monachus*), lately deceased in the society's gardens. In this little creature, weighing only 19 oz., from extreme emaciation, the brain weighed 460 grains, and the *hippocampus minor* was well marked.

Mr. A. R. Wallace exhibited seven new species of birds collected by Mr. Allen at the Xulla Islands, a small group intermediate between Celebes and the Moluccas. Altogether, forty-nine kinds of birds were obtained, twenty-six common to Celebes and thirteen to the Moluccas, while ten are widely distributed. So that, on this evidence, the islands belong to Celebes rather than the Moluccan group. The occurrence of a number of peculiar species harmonises with what is known of the distribution of birds in other tropical islands.

Mr. Arthur Adams described some new shells from Japan. This gentleman has been about five years and a half as surgeon to the Government surveying ship *Action*, and has brought home a great store of conchological observations and discoveries. He has confirmed and extended the statement (before doubtful) that some of the shells of the North Atlantic (species of *Scissurella*, *Buccinum*, *Fusus*, *Astarte*, *Poromya*, *Terebratula*, *Rhynchonella*, &c.) have not only effected the "north-west passage," but are living comfortably in Japanese waters. He has also obtained from deep water (upwards of 100 fathoms) a suite of small and curious shells, very similar in character to those (allied to in the Critic of December) discovered by Mr. Barrett in Jamaica; a few of the species are apparently identical.

Mr. Frank Buckland exhibited some preparations of the anatomy of a porpoise which died at the Society's gardens on the preceding Friday. It was procured from a fishmonger in Bond-street, and was very unwell at the time, having been forty-eight hours out of water, and twelve of them spent on the fishmonger's slab. Nevertheless, it revived a little with a dose of brandy and water, and was able to swim twice across the seal pond. On the *post-mortem* it was found that one fin had been broken; there had been a blow on the head, and a cut on the tail; and both eyes had been destroyed by the fishermen, who have a tradition that porpoises and dolphins tell each other. But for these outrages the creature might have lived, at least for some time, at the gardens. Mr. Buckland gave one of his amusing descriptions of the cervical vertebrae, blow-hole, and other points of the animal.

MADAM TUSSAUD'S.—This exhibition, to which recently many additions have been made, and in which many improvements have been adopted, was, during the recent holidays, crowded with a more than usual number of visitors; indeed, on one or two evenings it was with difficulty ingress to the rooms could be obtained. Two new figures attracted considerable attention; one of them was an effigy of the father of English bards, Geoffrey Chaucer, the other an effigy of Caxton, the printer—both strictly correct in portraiture, and both very cleverly modelled. It would be quite as well if the proprietor would introduce more such effigies as these, and get rid of many illustrious nobodies about whom nobody cares a straw.

BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

THE PRINCIPAL SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES of the late Prince Consort, including his Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington in 1850, when the Duke urged upon the Prince the acceptance of the office of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, has been the most important publication of the past month, and, as might be expected, the volume has met with an extraordinary sale. We have also "Remains in Prose and Verse of A. H. Hallam;" a third series of Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families;" "Letters of Samuel Rutherford," edited by the Rev. A. A. Bonar; "Life and Labours of the Rev. John Anderson and the Rev. Robert Johnston," by the Rev. John Braidwood; "Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-49," by M. Henri Martin, with an introduction by Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P.; "Calvin, his Life, Labours, and Writings," translated from the French of M. Felix Bungener; and the first volume of the "Life, Times, and Writings of the Bishop of Exeter," by the Rev. Reginald N. Shutte.

In TRAVEL we have Mr. Russell's "My Diary North and South," a work distinct from his letters to the *Times*; "Ten Years in the United States," by Mr. D. W. Mitchell; "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island," by Mr. R. C. Mayne; "Life in Normandy in 1848," by an English Resident; "Through Algeria," by Miss Crawford; "Life on the Niger; or, the Journal of an African Trader," by Mr. William Cole; "Journal of a Political Mission to Afghanistan in 1857," by Mr. H. W. Bellew; "Lost among the Afghans; or, the Adventures of John Campbell among the Wild Tribes of Central Asia," edited by Mr. H. Oswald Fry; "China from a Medical Point of View in 1860-61, and Nagasaki as a Sanatorium," by Mr. C. A. Gordon; "Flindersland and Sturt'sland; or, the Inside and Outside of Australia," by Mr. W. R. Jessop; and "Geological Observations in South Australia," by the Rev. Julian Woods.

In SCIENCE there have appeared "The Weather-book, a Manual of Practical Meteorology," by Admiral Fitzroy; "The Tropical World, a Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms in the Equatorial Regions," by Dr. George Hartwig; "Life in Nature," by Mr. James Hinton, being a series of papers reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*; and Mr. Robert Mallet's Report on "The Great Neapolitan Earthquake of December, 1857."

In GENERAL LITERATURE we have "Diutiska, a Historical and Critical Survey of the Literature of Germany from the earliest period to the age of Goethe," by Mr. Gustav Solling; "Shakspeare's Commentaries," by Dr. G. G. Gervinus, of Heidelberg, translated by F. E. Bennett; "The Functions of *Si* and *Qui* with special reference to German Theories," by Mr. Gavin Hamilton; "Waterloo, the Downfall of the First Napoleon, a History of the Campaign of 1815," by Mr. George Hooper; "Problems in Human Nature," being three Essays on the Source of Vanity, the Decline of Sentiment, and Disappointment in the Religious World; "Roundabout Papers," by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*; "The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country," by A. K. H. B.; "The Poet's Journal," by Mr. Bayard Taylor; "Sisterhoods in the Church of England, with notices of some Charitable Sisterhoods in the Romish Church," by Miss Margaret Goodman; "Little Jehan de Saintré," done into English by Mr. Alexander Vance; the sixth and seventh and last volumes of the collected edition of Thomas Hood's Works; and the second volume of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology."

In POETRY we have a translation of Homer's *Odyssey* into dramatic blank verse, by the Rev. T. S. Norgate; a volume of Selections from Mr. Robert Browning's Poetical Works; "Golden Leaves from the Works of the Poets and Painters," by Mr. Robert Bell; an "Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,'" by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton; "The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns," with the tunes, by Mr. Robert Chambers; "Wordsworth's Poems for the Young," with fifty illustrations, by Mr. John Macwhirter and Mr. John Pettie; and "The Chorale Book for England, and Lyra Germanica," a complete hymn-book for public and private worship, the hymns translated from the German by Miss Catherine Winkworth, and the music compiled and edited by Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

In THEOLOGY there have appeared "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, by Canon Stanley; "England under God," by Archdeacon Evans; a second series of "Sermons preached before the University of Oxford," by the Bishop of Oxford; "Sermons on the Grace of God," by the Bishop of Brechin; "Dialogues between a Clergyman and a Layman on Family Worship," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice; "Speaking to the Heart, or Sermons for the People," by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie; and a translation from the Latin of Spinoza's celebrated "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, or a critical Inquiry into the History, Purpose, and Authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures; with the Right to Free Thought and Free Discussion asserted, and shown to be not only consistent, but necessarily bound up with True Piety and Good Government."

In FICTION we have Mr. Wilkie Collins's "No Name," reprinted from *All the Year Round*; "The Countess Kate," by Miss Yonge; "The Cost of a Secret," by Miss Isabella Blagden; "Married in Haste," by Mr. Lascelles Wraxall; "The Neapolitan Commander," by Mr. Armstrong; "Niccolo Marini, or the Mystery Solved;" "Such Things Are," by the Author of "Recommended to Mercy;" "Thalatta, or the Great Commoner, a Political Romance;" "A Prodigal Son," by Mr. Dutton Cook; "The Duchess of Trajetto," by the Author of "Mary Powell;" "The Scapegrace at Sea;" "The Dead Lock," by Mr. C. M. Smith; "Entanglements;" and "Myself and My Relatives."

Complaints against the catalogue of the British Museum have ceased for some time past. People get weary of the question; but it is a pity that the literary public should discontinue its vigilance, as we believe that there must be thousands of works not yet posted up. Foreign literature, especially periodicals, are woefully in arrears. The French have been finding fault with their catalogue of the Imperial Library, and the *Moniteur* has come to the rescue of the officials. The Government journal, speaking no doubt under the inspiration of the Minister of Public Instruction, says, that every mode of making a catalogue will find censurers. It is precisely on account of this barren struggle between such and such a system that for a century there was no catalogue of the Imperial Library, and no means of finding one's way in the flood of books which every day augment there. In 1854, M. Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction, had the courage to take a part, perfectly well knowing that this was to expose himself to inevitable criticism. All that belongs to the Imperial Library, on every subject, has been catalogued on slips, so that for the last ten years nothing new has entered the library which has not its class slip. Thus confusion has been avoided for the present. For the past, they have catalogued on slips, and then placed in registers several of the letters which constitute our bibliographical alphabet. This has been already done for A, B, C, D, which comprise all the ancient divisions, Bibles (texts, versions, Jewish or Rabbinical, Christian interpretations), liturgies, councils, synods, the Fathers, theologians of the Greek and Latin Church, ancient and modern Jansenismists, caschists, catechists and preachers, ascetics, controversialists. When shortly they will have finished D *bis* (heterodox theologians), and E (canon law) they will fuse into a whole the six inventories of these letters, and then will be found a complete instrument of research for the whole of theology, i.e., for matter so abundant, that it forms about the fifth part of the immense collections of the library. Letter F, which comprises legislation and jurisprudence, has been to a great extent classified, which renders more easy the formation of an inventory. Letter N (history of England) is finished on slips, classed, and about to be placed in registers. Letter T (medical sciences) a division very rich in rare and ancient books, is finished, and a third of its catalogue is already printed and published. As to the catalogue of letter L (history of France), it is likewise finished, and three-parts published. In this catalogue, it is insisted that everything will be found which has been published on a public event, on a treaty of peace, on a battle, on a sovereign, on the biography of any Frenchman whatsoever, on a locality of the Empire. In short, the Imperial Library of Paris is determined not to be behind-hand with the British Museum, the libraries of Oxford, Berlin, Amsterdam, &c., with regard to its Oriental riches, which in these latter years, have published, in whole or in part, the catalogue of their manuscripts in the languages of the East. Thanks to M. M. A. Reisaud and his able colleagues, the library could send to the press any day the catalogue of its Hebrew MSS. The catalogue of Arabic MSS. is far advanced; those in Persian and Turkish are completed. M. Renan has brought to a close the Syriac catalogue; M. Zotenberg and Father Soukias Baron finish the Ethiopian and Armenian catalogues. Thus the five volumes comprising the Oriental section will not be wanting.

The Imperial Library certainly begins, at length, to show signs of vitality. The readers are to have better accommodation, and they will no longer have to contrast their own reading-room unfavourably with that of the British Museum in point of luxuries. The furniture has been completely renovated. Two large oak tables, covered with morocco, occupy the whole length of the room. Each reader is allowed a space of thirty-nine inches, and finds under his table a peg for his hat and a large loop for his paletot. Oak chairs on castors replace the straw-bottomed chairs of former times. There was wont formerly to be a rush made at the inkstands, there not being sufficient for the number of readers; now every one has his own china inkstand, and one that will not upset. We do not read of the further luxury of pens *ad libitum*. But the greatest innovation is the introduction of a great number of works of reference into the reading room, which the reader may consult at his pleasure without the intervention of attendants. This is a great boon. Formerly, half-a-dozen dictionaries were all the students could place hand upon.

"*EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN*," edited by the Rev. John Booth, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Longman and Co.

EARL STANHOPE has in the press a volume of "Miscellanies," which Mr. Murray will publish in the course of the present month.

CARDINAL WISEMAN is announced to lecture on the points of contact between science and art at the Royal Institution on Friday, the 30th January.

THE DEATH OF MRS. CREIGHTON, another of the contemporaries of Burns, is reported by the *Wigtonshire Free Press*.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT, "the learned blacksmith," is, we hear, about to make England his home.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW for the present quarter is the first number under the new management.

THE REV. DR. MC'AUL is preparing a volume which will contain a *seriatim* reply to Bishop Colenso's objections to the Pentateuch.

MR. FROUD, we hear, is about to resign the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, which he has conducted ever since the lamented death of Mr. J. W. Parker, the younger.

THE LATE DR. COTTON, Dean of Bangor, has left a Diary for publication. It was commenced upwards of forty years ago; and those who have heard readings from it look forward to its publication with much interest.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF JOHN ANDERSON, the fugitive slave, will shortly be published by Mr. Tweedie. Anderson sailed last week for Liberia, where he will settle.

MRS. GASKELL will commence this month, in *All the Year Round*, a story entitled "A Dark Night's Work." It will be completed in March, when Mr. Charles Reade will begin his new fiction in the same pages.

STEAM MANUFACTURED PAPER HANGINGS.—The *Bristol Mirror* describes samples of paper hangings printed by steam, and equal, the writer says, to any manufactured by hand. They are facsimiles of the only specimens of steam-printed wall-paper sent to the Exhibition, and being so printed are turned out at about half the cost of those produced by hand.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES of "The History of Normandy and England," by Sir Francis Palgrave, are nearly ready for publication, and will complete the work. Such portions as were not printed at the time of the author's decease have been supplied from his notes and MSS. by his son, Mr. F. T. Palgrave. The work will be published by Messrs. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

THE REV. R. BRUCE KENNARD, M.A., rector of Marshall, has a volume nearly ready, entitled, "Essays and Reviews: History, General Character, and Significance; Persecution, Prosecution, Judgment of the Arches Court; Review of Judgment." The work will be a general defence of "Essays and Reviews" and its authors.

A FEW MONTHS SINCE a prize of fifty guineas was offered by Henry Tucker, Esq., Vice-president of the Farrington Agricultural Library, for the best essay upon labourers' dwellings in rural districts. The essay was to trace the causes of the crowded and defective condition of such dwellings; to exhibit the moral and physical effects upon the inmates; and to suggest practical measures for lessening the evil. The prize has been adjudged to the Rev. W. Hickman Smith, of Penge, Surrey, and the essay is to be published immediately.

THE REV. J. C. M. BELLEW is about to appear as author of a volume entitled "Shakespeare's House at New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon: a History of New Place, from its original erection by Sir Hugh Clopton, 1490, to its destruction in 1759, together with an Account of the Great Garden; accompanied with illustrations, copies of fines, indentures, &c., Pedigrees of the Shakespeare and Clopton Families, a ground-plan of the estates of New Place, and plan of excavations lately made."

THE INVESTORS' AND STOCK EXCHANGE MAGAZINE, an eighteen-penny monthly, commences with January. The object of this magazine is not to supplant or displace any other, but to afford the greatest amount of information in the smallest space of all the current monetary intelligences of the month, thereby occupying as little time as possible of its readers in obtaining such a desideratum. It will be a perfect record of monetary events, and will therefore be useful as a work of reference on such subjects, as no other periodical will contain the same information detailed in so systematic a fashion.

FEMALE PRINTERS.—Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton, printed in 1792, but never published, a poem on Alexander's Expedition to the Indian Ocean, with elaborate notes. His biographer, Dr. Stock, gives an analysis of the poem, with extracts, and a report on the dissertations appended to it, adding: "One circumstance more relating to this work should be recorded, because it suggests a benevolent hint, too valuable to be lost. It was printed in a remote village, and the compositor was a young woman. 'I know not,' says Dr. Beddoes, 'if women be commonly engaged in printing, but their nimble and delicate fingers seem extremely well adapted to the office of compositors, and it will be readily granted that employment for females is among the greatest *desiderata* of society.'—*Stock's Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Beddoes*, M.D., 1811, p. 68.

MSS. OF THE POET BURNS.—Some letters of Burns have just been disposed of in a sale at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, Leicester-square. They consisted of upwards of twenty autograph letters with some poetry and a common-place book. The letters have all, more or less, been used by Dr. Currie in his edition of Burns' Correspondence, but the originals, just sold, contain many unpublished passages illustrative of the genius and peculiarities of the writer, as well as numerous particulars of the personal history of the poet and his family. Divided into twenty-six lots, they produced over one hundred pounds. The following interesting items also occurred in the catalogue, and sold at the prices annexed. Lot 154, a short letter of Alex. Pope, 37. 10s. Lot 170, a letter of Roubiliac the sculptor, 37. 15s. Lots 353 and 354, letters of the poet Cowper, 37. 14s. and 37. 17s. Lot 377, a letter of the Baron Munchausen, whom nine-tenths of our readers have no doubt considered as apocryphal in person, as are his narratives, produced 1L. 7s.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT'S new work, "The History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith," will be published in two volumes, by Messrs. Longman and Co., in the course of a few weeks. "At a time," says Mr. Howitt, "when so many objections are raised to portions of the Scripture narrative, which unsettle men's minds and haunt them with miserable forebodings, I have thought it of the highest importance to bring into a comprehensive view the statements of the most eminent Historians and Philosophers of all Ages and Nations on the manifestations of those spiritual agencies amongst them, which we, for want of further knowledge, term Supernatural. I have assembled a mass of evidence from every Age and People, even down to our own times, as recorded by their greatest and most accredited authors, so overwhelming, that we are thereby reduced to this dilemma—either to reject this universal evidence, by which we inevitably reduce all history to a gigantic fiction, and destroy every appeal to its decision on any question whatever, or to accept it, in which case we find ourselves standing face to face with a principle of the most authoritative character for the solution of spiritual enigmas and for stemming the fatal progress of infidelity." The work will contain an ample account of Mr. Howitt's personal experience and faith in the so-called spiritual manifestations through a course of seven years.

"CUPS AND THEIR CUSTOMS," a small treatise, will be published by Mr. Van Voorst in a few days.

A REPORT OF THE WEATHER OF 1862, by Mr. Thomas L. Plant, of Birmingham, will appear in the course of the present month.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK'S work on Japan failed to appear in December, but we may certainly look for it in the course of the present month.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Sheridan Knowles, by his son-in-law, the Rev. W. Dobbin, M.A., Chaplain of Steeven's Hospital, Dublin, is announced.

THE KEY, a new penny weekly magazine, on the model of the *Family Herald*, has commenced with the New Year.

"THE BRIGANTINE, A STORY OF THE SEA," in two volumes, is announced by Mr. Bentley.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND during the reign of George III., by Mr. J. George Philimore, will shortly be published by Messrs. Virtue Brothers.

AN "ART MAGAZINE," a sixpenny monthly, is announced for March.

A WORK on "The Weakness and Inefficiency of the Government of the United States of North America," by a late American statesman, will shortly be published by Messrs. Houlston and Wright.

MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS intends to follow up his volume of "Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns" with a second, containing "The Songs of Burns;" and a third, comprising "The Songs of Scotland subsequent to Burns."

A VOLUME of "Sermons on the Character of St. Paul," by the Rev. Dr. Howson, of Liverpool, being the Hulsean Lectures for 1862, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman and Co.

"THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," a novel in three volumes, by Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu, editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, will be published next week by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS is engaged in translating the Church of England Prayer Book into the native tongue, and the work will be printed as soon as it is completed. His knowledge of both languages is said to be equal to that of any foreigner.

The first and second volumes of Mr. A. W. Kinglake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," bringing the Narrative down to the close of the Battle of the Alma, will be published, it is expected, by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, during the present month. The work will be completed in four volumes.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S last novel, "The Chronicles of Carlingford," which has excited so much attention and admiration during its development in *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be reprinted shortly in three volumes, and will no doubt meet with a brisk demand at all the libraries.

THE WEEKLY VOCALIST, a penny miscellany of popular songs, will be commenced on Saturday next. Each number will contain one or more songs with piano-forte accompaniments. It is a good idea, and ought to succeed if vigorously worked out.

MR. LAWRENCE, the author of "Guy Livingstone," has run the blockade, and, with introductions to the leading men of the South, is now spending some time in General Lee's camp. In due season he will return with matter for a work on the Southern Confederacy, of which Messrs. Tinsley Brothers will be the publishers.

PROFESSOR FORBES, in a recent address delivered before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the Life of the late Professor Trail, observed: "He was nominally editor of the eighth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and he certainly contributed to it some forty articles; but his responsibility was, I believe, chiefly confined to the earliest volumes, the greater part having been practically edited by the able publisher, Mr. Adam Black."

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN writes, saying, "Pray give me your circulation for the destruction of an error which I have exposed for fifteen years without effect. The tract on 'Probability' in the *Library of Useful Knowledge* was not written by me. It was written by Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock and the late Mr. Drinkwater (afterwards Bethune). Some binder put my name on a large issue of the work; it is very common to attribute to me everything anonymous on mathematics in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*. I have frequently exposed the mistake, as in my 'arithmetical books,' in the *English Cyclopædia*, in the *Assurance Magazine*, and in other places which I do not remember. But by a letter from Lord Brougham, received to-day, I find the mistake is not even scotched. It is hard that I should be forced to rob two old friends, and one of them no more in this world, of the praise due to an excellent work, and I hope you will aid me in making restitution."

TO COMPLETE THE ENGLISH EDITION of the late Baron Bunsen's work on "Egypt's Place in Universal History," a supplementary volume (the fifth), translated by Mr. C. H. Cottrell, is in the press, no part of which has hitherto appeared in German. This volume will contain an epilogue recapitulating the substance of the whole chronology, with such alterations as have been required by the recent discovery of most important documents at Thebes and Memphis. This will be followed by a translation of the whole of the "Book of the Dead," with an introductory account of it by Mr. Birch, an amended text of Sankhuanathan, and a Dictionary of the Egyptian language, to which an addition of nearly two thousand words has been made since the publication of the first volume. The whole will conclude with a copious chrestomathy, consisting of various unpublished Egyptian texts; and, it is hoped, the most important of all, the remainder of the missing portion of the Tablet of Karnak, and a similar Tablet of the Memphite dynasties, from the times of Menes, both recently discovered by Mariette on the spot.

MR. M. W. ROONEY, publisher, Dublin, has sent us his last catalogue, in which he complains bitterly of his difficulty in preserving his copyrights from infringement. He is told that he can obtain legal redress, but says he, "at the end of even a successful lawsuit I find the trouble and annoyance exceed the benefit." Mr. Rooney has during twenty years of business produced a series of translations of the Classics, which have won the applause of the authorities in the Dublin University. "The first editions of these," writes Mr. Rooney, "involved great labour and expense, through corrections and alterations resulting from queries on sentences, words, and idioms translated, in order to have the most literal translation in good English. Having to read every proof myself, correcting each for the printer, I can say, in passing, that in one year alone I read and corrected for the press, in works published by me, over four thousand pages, above 100,000 lines, which had often to be read three or four times before I could commit them for public approbation. Then what would repay me for this trouble, expense, anxiety, and foresight, if every one who wished could avail themselves of my labour, or as Mr. Mark Napier remarks, on his case against Grant, 'to wait till the fruit was exuberant and ripe, and then rob the orchard.' In my experience as a publisher, I can say with Mr. Charles Reade ('in his Eighth Commandment'), 'there are many who do not fear the 5th and 6th Victoria.' One publisher unknown to himself (through his author) printed a book, which was mine from the first line to the end [500 pp.]. Although I knew the book was on sale for two years, I never chance to look into it, not thinking so outrageous a piracy would be attempted; but when I discovered it, I was out of court, the law only allowing me twelve months after publication;" and so on. Mr. Rooney avows he is plundered by compilers of school-books on every side, from the appropriation of a few pages to entire volumes.

"**LAWRENCE STRUILBY**; or, Twenty-five Years of Bush Life in Australia," edited by the Rev. John Graham, will be published in a small volume by Messrs. Longman and Co., in a few days.

MR. JOHN TIMBS has a new volume of odds and ends just ready, entitled "Things to Be Remembered in Daily Life."

RICHTER'S "TITAN," translated into English for the first time by Mr. Charles T. Brooks, will shortly be published in two volumes by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

A "SCULPTOR'S JOURNAL AND FINE ART MAGAZINE," a sixpenny monthly, begins life this month.

"**BEATRICE SFORZA,**" a novel in three volumes, by Dr. Brewer, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

HER MAJESTY has, it is said, made another selection from Z-chokke's writings, and has given them to Miss Rowan for publication. They will be published under the title of "Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties."

THE SUN, the old-established evening newspaper, dating from 1792, has been sold by auction by order of Chancery. The copyright, machinery, and plant were knocked down at 2420*l.* The purchaser is Mr. Kemp, the present editor, who will continue its publication as heretofore.

TWO TRANSLATIONS of Villari's "Life of Savonarola" were being prepared for publication—one by Mr. L. Horner, the other by the Rev. P. Beaton. Mr. Horner's work was first announced for publication, and, through an arrangement with his publishers, Mr. Beaton's has been withdrawn.

THE THIRD SERIES of "Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind," by Mr. Samuel Bailey, of Sheffield, author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," &c., is nearly ready for publication. The principal subjects discussed in this forthcoming volume are Causation, Evidence, Language, and Moral Sentiments—the two latter at greater length than the rest.

UNITED STATES.—Superfluous or fancy newspapers died off very rapidly in the United States after the war broke out, but of late even well established and indispensable journals have been enduring a hard struggle against loss and ruin. For months past the *New York Times*, *Tribune*, and *World*, have been losing money daily, but as the *Herald* declined to make any advance in price, they were compelled to go on suffering. It was alleged that by its lucrative advertising connection the *Herald* was enabled to hold out, and that its editor, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, was resolved to enjoy the slow destruction of his rivals. At last, however, even the *Herald* had to yield, and all the New York dailies have raised their price from 2 cents to 3 cents, with the exception of the *Sun*, which continues to sell for 2½ cents, as it has done for nearly thirty years. The weeklies have gone up from 4 cents to 6 cents. A similar increase in price, accompanied in many cases by a diminution in size, has taken place in all the cities and villages of the Union. The necessity for this increase in price, whilst it may be attributed to taxation and the rise in wages, is mainly due to the enormous advance that has taken place in the cost of paper. The *Boston Courier* attributes the advance to a conspiracy of the paper-makers, and assures its readers that the inconvenience is only temporary, but in this the *Courier* is assuredly mistaken. The Northern paper-maker is now cut off entirely from the rag and cotton waste market of the South, from which he used to draw extensive supplies; and as a certain proof that the scarcity is not fictitious, it may be mentioned that a brisk export of rags has commenced from Liverpool to the New England paper-mills. It may be said, Why does America not send to Europe for paper? The answer is that the recent tariff imposes a duty of 30 per cent. ad valorem on the import of paper, so that the native paper-maker may be effectively protected from foreign competition. As will be seen in a subjoined extract, "The Shoe Pinching," from the *New York World*, American editors are receiving an admirable practical lesson in the doctrines of free trade from which it is to be hoped they will profit. Meanwhile the *Associated New York Press* advertise as follows for a paper-supply for five years:

To CAPITALISTS AND PAPER-MAKERS.—The undersigned, a committee appointed by and acting for the Associated Press in the city of New York, will receive proposals for the supply of the whole or any part of 300,000*b.* of paper per week, for five years, from the 1st day of January next (or as soon thereafter as the necessary arrangements can be effected)—M. S. Beach, Sun Office, corner of Nassau and Fulton-streets; Samuel Sinclair, Tribune Office, corner of Nassau and Spruce-streets.

MR. BELMONT, the American agent of the Rothschilds, is said to have purchased the *New York World*.

"THE STORY OF THE GUARD, A CHRONICLE OF THE WAR," by Jessie Fremont, has just been published. It is a defence of General Fremont by his wife.

MISS PROCTER'S POEMS have been included by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, in their blue and gold series.

THE REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS, of New York, is about to resume the issue of his monthly magazine, *The Herald of Light*.

CAT TAIL PAPER.—Strong brown paper is now manufactured at the Salisbury mills, in Orange County, from "cat tails," the product of the wild flag growing in low grounds all over the North. The proprietor, Mr. Oakley, is experimenting with a view of making white paper from the same material.

THE PROPRIETOR of the *Jeffersonian*, a newspaper published in Winchester, Pennsylvania, and suppressed for alleged treasonable utterances, has brought an action against the United States Marshal Milward, who seized the property of the establishment. He lays the damages at 20,000 dollars. A number of similar actions will come off in the course of the New Year, and it is anticipated that many will go against the Government.

EXTENT OF THE PRINTING BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—The late census returns of manufacturing establishments in New York reveal the astonishing fact that more capital is employed in carrying on the printing trade than in any other business. Over six thousand persons are employed in printing, and the various establishments use up about 5,000,000*d.* worth raw material, ink, paper, &c., per annum, producing over 11,000,000*d.* worth of books, papers, &c.

A POEM, commencing "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" has been making the round of the American papers as the production of President Lincoln. Sir James Emerson Tennent writes to say that it was written by Mr. William Knox, a Scotch gentleman, who died in youth about forty years ago, after publishing a small volume of lyrics under the title of "Songs of Israel." Sir James states that the lines were given to him by Mr. Knox in the year 1824.

WASHINGTON'S WILL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The *Boston Courier* remarks, "The country will be surprised and indignant to learn from a statement of Mr. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, that the original will of Washington, which was deposited at Fairfax Court House, had been taken away and sold to the British Museum. Among multiplied acts of vandalism and of plunder, upon a large and small scale, nothing so monstrous as this has taken place. We trust the scoundrel who stole this sacred instrument and bargained it away from his country, will be hunted up and hunted out of the society of civilised beings." Mr. Moore suggested that Government should take measures to guard and preserve such memorials in future; but the immediate duty of the government is to seek the recovery of the last testament of the Father of his Country through our Minister at St. James's."

THE POSTAGE STAMP CURRENCY calls forth many bitter complaints from the newspapers. The *New York World*, for instance, says: "Yesterday the poor omnibus driver, with his soaking, snow-clotted gloves, was expected to carefully receive and make change with gummed postage stamps, if they were offered, which, if the gale did not blow them all away, were sure to be wadded into an indissoluble lump before he reached the end of his route. One ingenious driver kept them in an old snuff-box, which he handed to the passengers as they came in, trusting to their honesty to take out nothing, and to put in the appropriate amount. Many an impious, but perhaps not wholly undeserved, malediction was called from the tops of the omnibuses upon those who made the necessity for so miserable and disgusting a currency."

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.—The publishers of weekly religious newspapers in New York and Boston have held a consultation and reported a series of resolves with entire unanimity, recommending that the price of the papers should be raised or the size reduced on the 1st of January next; that notices of marriages, deaths, and societies, should be paid for as advertisements; that benevolent institutions should not issue newspapers for universal circulation at less than cost, supplying the deficiencies from funds contributed by the Christian public for specific objects; and, finally, saying that "the law of the last session of Congress, levying a heavy tax on the materials of our business, and on the advertisements, and finally on the income of the publisher, is peculiarly oppressive upon newspapers, the circulation of which ought to be stimulated and not curtailed during the war."

THE SHOE PINCHING.—The *New York Times* thus comments on the scarcity of paper: "The import duty on foreign white paper is 30 per cent., which, under the present rate of exchange, is prohibitory. And it is only in consequence of this duty that our own papermakers are able to take advantage of a scarcity of rags, and, by combining together, to force prices up to their present enormous rate. But for the duty, publishers could resort to the foreign market, and by introducing a new element of competition, keep prices here within reasonable bounds. But under the existing tariff such printing paper as we use could not be imported and sold here for less than 22 cents. a pound; our manufacturers, therefore, feel quite safe in fixing prices at or even above that figure. This bears not only upon newspaper publishers, but upon book publishers, consumers of writing-paper, and everybody who uses paper of any kind. The Government itself will suffer losses to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars in consequence of the present enormous price of paper of all kinds which they are compelled to use. The tariff on paper meantime yields the Treasury no revenue, because it prohibits imports. It inflicts immense injury, therefore, upon the great mass of the reading community, while it does no good to anybody but the few papermakers, whom it aids in their exactions upon the public at large. We hope Congress will give some attention to this matter as one of very great and pressing interest. There is no sound or substantial reason why they should not at once repeal the import duty on paper, and thus give all consumers the benefit of access to the foreign market."

A GREAT SALE OF STEREOTYPE PLATES IN NEW YORK.—Stereotyping in America is carried to an extent never attempted in England. Every work that by any stretch of imagination is supposed likely to attain a second edition is stereotyped. Twelve years ago the stereotype plates of the firm of Messrs. Carey and Hart were sold by auction in Philadelphia, and realized some 14,000*l.*; with this exception, a sale which has recently come off in New York is the largest that has ever taken place in America. Stereotype-plates, which could not have cost less than 72,000*l.*, were offered and brought under the hammer no more than 10,000*l.* Three years ago when taxes were light and trade uninterrupted, they would have sold readily for twice the money; but considering the times the sale was a satisfactory one. With paper advanced from 20 to 25 per cent., and no promise of a fall until cotton is again to be had from the South no books will be published. The plates purchased have been taken on speculation, and will be laid away in vaults until the troublous times are past and the commercial skies brighten.

Messrs. Mason Brothers' catalogue came first in order. The first offered was Kane's "Elements of Criticism," which was knocked down to Messrs. Mason Brothers at 80*l.* They also bought the next lot, Krusi's "Perspective Drawing;" and when they bade earnestly for Lossing's "Pictorial United States," it was clear they intended to buy in their whole stock, and the audience good-naturedly gave way. Lossing was bought by them for 220*l.*, but after that they walked over the course until Jewett's "Spier's French Dictionary" was reached, for which they had to pay 200*l.* Mr. Lincoln's Botanics brought 205*l.*, and Mattison and Burnett's Astronomies in four volumes, 180*l.* the volume; while Abbott's "Empire of Austria" sold for a beggarly 10*l.* Mr. G. C. Hill's "American Biographical Series" fetched 44*l.*; the "Battle-roll of the World," 50*l.*; Lossing's "Family History of the United States," 60*l.*; Mr. Parton's "Lives of Jackson, Greeley, and Burr," in five volumes, 60*l.* the volume, and his "Humorous Poetry," 20*l.* On the other hand, Fanny Fern's "Ruth Hall," of which 70,000 copies were sold in the year of its publication, went for 5*l.*, and her "Fern Leaves" for the same sum. Pinney's series of French Readers, in ten volumes, brought 260*l.*; Williams's "English into French" was thought worth 60*l.* for the right to publish only; and Wells's "Physical Geography" 80*l.* for the same privilege. The "Avoidable Causes of Insanity" sold for 6*l.*, and closed Mason's list of plates. Their catalogue of books comprised the whole bound and sheet stock on hand, amounting to several thousand volumes. It brought an aggregate of 3200*l.*, and was well distributed among the buyers present. The books that had any real value realised good prices generally. There were some significant features of the sale: a dollar music book called the "Harp of the South" sold for 1½*d.*; another, "Southern Harmony," for only 8*d.*, in spite of its having "patent notes;" while "Temple Melodies," by virtue of its not having a "sectional" title, brought 1*s. 6d.*, although the regular price was only 2*s. 6d.* Publishers who have full stocks of books got up expressly for the Southern market, would perhaps do well to have them rebound and christened over again.

The invoice of Messrs. Derby and Jackson's plates, which came next, opened with an edition of Addison in 6 vols. 12mo., which cost in all about 800*l.* A bid of 10*l.* was put in, but competition was languid, and the work was knocked down at 17*l.* the volume. Goldsmith in 4 vols. 12mo. brought 26*l.* the volume; Smollett in 6 vols. 9*l.*; Sterne in 2 vols. 10*l.*; Johnson's Lives of the Poets, 2 vols. 12*l.*; Boswell, 4 vols. 38*l.*; Lamb, 5 vols. 12*l.*; Hazlitt, 5 vols. 11*l.*; Leigh Hunt, 4 vols. 9*l.*; Defoe, 1 vol. 8*l.*; and Lord Chesterfield, 1 vol. 3*l.* Jane Austen, Hannah More, and Anne Radcliffe realized about 10*l.* the volume; but Jane Porter's Scottish Chiefs and Thaddeus of Warsaw were run up to 33*l.* each; the Children of the Abbey came also to 33*l.*; Madame de Staél's Corinne to 27*l.*; and a 12mo. Pilgrim's Progress to 2*l.* The standard ancient classics in 8vo. brought only 8*l.*, and a pretty 18mo. series of modern classics 2*l. 5s.*, both of which were dog cheap at twice the money. It is curious, looking down this catalogue, to see how books which made a noise in their day are consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. "Female Life Among the Mormons," which has sold to the extent of 60,000 copies, went for 5*l.* Bigelow's Life of Fremont, which circulated as a pre- and post-election document, brought 6*l.*; and the Henry Ward Beecher series of essays, sermons, hymns, and views, which once went off by the thousand, were knocked off at

ints from yesterday the expected to they were be waded ingenious passengers as out in the undeserved, who made a Southern hospital.

One of the best bargains in Derby's lot, was obtained by Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., in the set of Marryatt's novels, for which they paid only 6/- a volume. Another was Mr. Frank Goodrich's "Court of Napoleon," which cost over 1100/-, and was bought by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co., for 125/- Another, "Women of Beauty and Heroism," which cost 900/-, was purchased by Mr. Moore, of Cincinnati, for 72/- Another, "The Lovers and Heroines of the Poets," which cost 700/-, fell to Lippincott for 68/- Mary Forrest's "Women of the South Distinguished in Literature," which glorified her heroines on steel and in long-primer, to the tune of 650/-, was started at 10/-, and dragged and hung, until Hazard of Philadelphia, with an eye to the future, bid an even 20/- and got the plates. A feature of the sale was the stiff rate at which the standard authors ruled. Your modern puff and froth novels, which run a meteoric but ephemeral popularity, could be had for old songs, but sturdy John Bunyan was started at 10/-, and ran up to over 80/-, at which he was bought by Blanchard of Cincinnati; and Esop and all the respectable family of the ancient authors were in high esteem.

The sale of Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Co., was better in proportion than any other. Their series of 8vo. poets, in eleven volumes, brought 1200/-; their Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, seventeen volumes, 850/-; their blue and gold poets, 24mo., fifteen volumes, 240/-; Robinson Crusoe and Arabian Nights, 102/-; and other miscellaneous works brought excellent prices. The whole sale of this house amounted to over 3200/-, or about 60 per cent. of the price paid for the plates at the sale of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, and Co., in 1859.

The plates belonging to the old house of Messrs. Silas Andrus and Sons ("Uncle Silas"), of Hartford, were offered by the executors, and taken at low prices by many different buyers. The Dearborn edition of Byron, in one volume, once the favourite edition of the whole trade, and which was once sold for 1050/-, brought only 39/-, in consequence of its having been supplanted by finer editions of other publishers.

FRANCE.—The Société des Gens de Lettres of Paris has elected into its body Mr. William L. Hughes, the translator of Poe and other English writers into French. Mr. Hughes is the first Englishman who has been made a member of that society.

PAPER-HANGINGS valued at 108,000/- were exported by France to Italy in 1861.

"THE ENTR' ACTE," the well-known theatrical journal, which has been published in Paris for so many years, was seized the other night by the authorities, for giving an imperfect programme of the performances at the theatres.

Some interesting facts on the rage for collecting autographs in France is given by the *Jardin des Racines Grecques*. A short time since, at the sale of the library of M. Parisou in Paris, a copy of Cesar's Commentaries was offered for sale, of the value in itself of about 2fr. The volume, however, contained a single note of about fifteen lines, believed to be in the handwriting of Montaigne, upon the back of the last leaf, the desire to possess which occasioned so great a competition among the autograph hunters, that the volume was finally knocked down to a representative of the Duc d'Amale for 1575fr. This kind of bibliomania is equally conspicuous with regard to printed works which borrow a value from some historical circumstance. At the public sale of the MacCarthy library, one of the six copies of the Bible known as the Bible in forty-two lines, was bought for 20,000fr. The celebrated Missal of Mary Stuart, which she held in her hand on mounting the scaffold, and which, it is said, bears a stain of her blood, is now worth 100,000fr. But perhaps the most curious example which bibliography offers is the famous Garland of Julia, a manuscript on vellum given to Mlle. Julie-Lucine d'Agennes de Rambouillet by her betrothed, the Duke of Montansier. This precious manuscript was purchased sixty years since, at the sale of the library of the Duke de la Vallière, for 14,510fr.; nowadays it would doubtless fetch an enormous sum.

RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg paper notices the death there, on Nov. 29, 1862, of Mr. Thomas Budd Shaw, M.A., of Cambridge, Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Lyceum, and lecturer upon the same subject in the University. Mr. Shaw was only forty-nine years of age, and was greatly respected in the Russian capital.

BELGIUM.—The value of paper of all kinds exported from Belgium in 1861 was 248,000.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Otago journals are advertising for composers, many of their hands having left for the newly-discovered diggings. The proprietors have had to raise composers' wages 50 per cent.—namely, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per thousand types, and one of them has doubled the price of his journal.

TRADE NEWS.

FOLDING AND STITCHING PAPER.—Machinery, consisting of a stitching device, pressing rollers, and folding blades, has been invented by a Swiss mechanician, Mr. S. H. Tanner. The folding blades act in such a manner that a piece of thread is drawn through each sheet of paper before the last fold is completed; and, when completely folded, each sheet passes under the pressing rollers, and is discharged ready for the binder.

A NEW MODE OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING BANK NOTES has been brought forward by Messrs. Ashby and Co., which is asserted to possess the recommendations—1. That the notes cannot be photographed, as the black printing is interlaced, in an extremely complicated manner, with another colour; 2. That the note plates cannot be copied, the ornamental engraving being executed by a machine from a matrix arbitrarily formed and made intricate by transposition in kaleidoscope fashion; and 3. That the note plates engraved by such a matrix cannot be produced again by the engravers without the matrix, so that if that is destroyed, or handed to the custody of the bankers, they hold their own security.

MR. GEORGE STIFF's order for discharge in bankruptcy was applied for on 3rd December.—Mr. Linklater said, as representing the assignees, he would not trouble the Court to read the report of Mr. Hart on the case. There was only one reason for withholding the bankrupt's order of discharge—namely, on the ground that the bankrupt's personal expenditure had been more than it ought to have been; but, having regard to the sanguine temperament of the bankrupt, to the amount of property which he had, and his then position, and considering all the circumstances, the assignees did not think that they would be justified in asking the Court to say that the bankrupt had been guilty of "unjustifiable extravagance in living" within the meaning of the Act of 1861. The bankrupt had been before the Court nine months, and the assignees thought

that he had been quite sufficiently punished for any offence with which he might be charged. Mr. Commissioner Goulburn—Excuse me for asking you the question—are you concerned for friendly assignees? It makes very much difference. Mr. Linklater—I am much obliged to your Honour. The assignees are not what may be called "friendly assignees." On the contrary, they have violently opposed the bankrupt. One of the assignees is a trade creditor for 10,000/. The Commissioner—All parties concur. There is no objection to the granting of the order of discharge. It is allowed accordingly.

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THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE SANITARY REPORT visited the Docks to inspect the PURE TEA imported by HORNIMAN and Co., LONDON, from having on investigation found that many teas in general use covered by the Chinese with an objectionable powdered colour which is drunk when the tea is made. Horniman's *Green* is a natural dull olive—not bluish—the Black is not intensely dark; by importing the leaf uncoloured, the Chinese cannot disguise and pass off as the best, brown flavourless sorts; consequently, Horniman's *Pure Tea* is strong, delicious, and wholesome. Price 3s 8d., 4s., and 4s 4d. per lb. Sold in Packets by 2280 Agents.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The tenth annual and forty first quarterly meeting of the members was held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. The report of the executive committee and the audited balance-sheet were presented, from which it appears that the receipts for the financial year ending Sept. 30 last were £6,804.2s. 5d., being one of the largest returns since the formation of the Society, the total receipts in the ten years being £65,392.13s. 2d., and the withdrawals £179,541.18s. 3d. The shares issued to 30th Sept. 1862 being 18,685, at 50/- each, represent a subscribed amount of £94,250. The reserved fund is now £10,190.8s. Out of 9568 rights of choice, acquired either by completion of shares, drawing, or seniority, 7258 had been exhausted, leaving 2310 unexercised rights, to select land at option on the Society's estates. The grand totals of the sale of land to Michaelmas 1862, are 314,686.12s. 10d. The dividend for the year is five per cent. per annum, and the guaranteed interest remains at five per cent. on shares, and four per cent. per annum on deposits. The amended rules had been certified by the official barrister, Mr. Tidd Pratt. The returning directors who were re-elected were Lieut.-Col. Augustus Meyrick, the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot, H. W. Currie, Esq., C. E. Newcomen, Esq., and Henry Pownall, Esq. The land to be offered by allotment was the remainder of the Roehampton Park Estate, on which a site had been set apart for a church, the last portion of the Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, and Cirencester Estates. On the Kentish-town Estate, it was announced that two railroads were to pass through, considerably enhancing the value of that property. A valuable estate close to Epping Forest, Woodford, &c., had been acquired on Wanstead Flats, the Woodhouse mansion and Park. The annual returns of houses built and in progress on the forty-five estates in nineteen counties, acquired by the Society, showed a considerable increase and much activity. The Registration claims had been very successful in the Revising Barristers' Courts. The report concluded by the thanks of the executive committee to the shareholders for their large attendance at the annual meeting last year, and for the resolution passed on that occasion, whereby the "anxious desire and operative energy of the Board to promote the prosperity of the Conservative Land Society remained unimpaired." The following Directors were present: Viscount Ranelagh (Chairman); Col. Brownlow Knox, M.P. (Vice-Chairman); Lieut.-Col. A. Meyrick; Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot; Hon. Robert Bourke; H. Pownall, Esq.; H. W. Currie, Esq.; N. Winstanley, Esq.; and T. Knox Holmes. The Report was unanimously adopted, and thanks were voted to the auditors, to the executive committee, and the officers of the Society. The noble chairman stated that a testimonial was to be presented from the shareholders and friends to the secretary in addition to the special testimonials recently presented by the Board of Directors.

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